

Sapnap's Tentacle Shop

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Sapnap's Tentacle Shop

by [blackberry_writes](#)

Summary

George overhears a conversation about a strange magical shop and decided to investigate. Upon going down the street, he comes upon an odd storefront that he hasn't seen before...

Dream Team AU based on the doujinshi series Your Neighborhood Tentacle Shop by Okunoha.

Discovery

Chapter Summary

George discovers the shop and has his first experience with tentacles.

Chapter Notes

Hey y'all, Blackberry here! Wow, this is... certainly different from my last work. But basically this fic is a love letter to one of my favorite doujins of all time, Your Neighborhood Tentacle Shop by Okunoha! This work is almost entirely based on the events in it, so my ideas are in no way original. I just thought it would be fun to adapt the series into writing and make it about the Dream Team!

Also the first couple chapters are not gonna have Dream in them, as he's taking the place of Shogo and will not appear until chapter three. Just some good ol GeorgeNotFound content and tentacle fucking :)

Hope you guys enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

At the end of 5th avenue in Blue Orchid Hill, there is a place of which you might only hear of in odd urban legends. It's no castle or magic portal or fae circle, of course it isn't. Although perhaps you could find those elsewhere if you looked hard enough.

No, it's as unassuming as something you might pass on the street. A little shop, panelled with old wood and big windows always covered with thick, amber-colored curtains. There's a little bell above the door and when you step inside it creaks and jingles. But what's on the inside is what makes it special.

If you don't know what you're looking for, your eyes will simply brush right over it as if it were a paint smudge in your vision. Passerby will never truly know what lies at the end of that street, and if you asked them they wouldn't know the answer. To enter the shop, you must know what you want. Whether someone told you or you heard of it and the wonders it holds inside. Perhaps if you have desires strong enough they can allow you to see through the smudgy glamour all on your own and beckon you inside. So this shop is in no means ordinary.

So what does it sell, you may ask? What is all this protection and knowledge and wonder all about?

It's simple, of course, deceptively simple.

It's not magic.

Not potions.

Not talismans or exotic gifts.

This shop sells tentacles.

George clutched the straps of his backpack nervously, worrying his lip between his teeth. There it was. The shop at the end of the street stood, clear as day, where he simply couldn't remember it being before.

So it *was* true.

He wasn't exactly so sure when he overheard the trio of girls talking excitedly while he was at work. Granted, he was supposed to be stocking shelves, but he had been fully concealed behind the massive stacks of books and their conversation had been too good to not listen to.

It wasn't creepy at all!

It was just *interesting*...

At first he'd thought they were just talking about sex. But as he sat there behind the shelves with a hand pressed over his mouth as he breathed heavily, George realized they weren't referring to *people*. These were things, animals, magical and otherworldly beings, like straight out of some fucked up 3am erotica.

And they just kept talking, so damn loudly, he might add, about the *real life shop* these eldritch horrors had come from. And apparently, it was right down the street.

Now, George knew Blue Orchid Hill. He'd moved there from the UK when he was only 16, and he'd been living, working, and shopping there ever since. It was a sweet town that was popular with tourists due to the large number of small businesses like shops and restaurants. Life was pretty much perfect here, like a fairytale. And George knew it well, almost like he'd been there all his life.

Well.

Not well enough it seemed.

Curiosity had killed the cat, but it hadn't quite caught up with George yet. So there he stood, in front of the tentacle shop, trying his hardest to swallow his fears as his hand reached for the worn brass door handle.

A creak and a jingle announced his presence as he peaked around the door. And what was inside made his jaw drop.

The walls were lined with tanks of all different sizes and shapes, and they glowed, letting off soft, colorful light that reflected off the inhabitants inside. Lanterns hung from the ceiling and more glass boxes and tanks were stacked in the corners. In the center of the shop was a wooden table lined with chairs and a couple cozy couches. And pressed against the back wall was a counter, where he assumed people paid.

And behind it sat a quite attractive man wearing a bandana who was looking him dead in the face.

George gave a rather undignified yelp.

"Welcome to the Tentacle Shop!" he chirped with a wave, "I haven't seen you before, are you new here? Or has Dream helped you?"

"Oh! Uhh. Um." George stuttered, completely caught off guard by the man's cheery attitude.

“Oh, *definitely* a first time customer then, hm? C’mon, step inside, I don’t bite.” The man gave him a toothy grin that suggested otherwise. Were his canines... *pointy*?

George tried to say something but decided against it, as his tongue had seemed to go limp in his mouth. Wordlessly, he obliged, stepping inside as the door groaned shut behind him. A rather odd scent came to his nose, one that reminded him of both burning wood and freshly cut grass, with a sort of musky undertone that made goosebumps trail up his arms. He didn’t exactly enjoy it, but he didn’t mind it either.

“Well, taken that you are new here, feel free to look around and check out our stock. If you have any questions, just ask me anything.” he smiled, without teeth this time, and then picked up a discarded manga volume from the counter and began to read.

“Thanks.” George managed to say, getting a nod of affirmation in response. He exhaled a breath, heart beating like a bird in a cage. He’d expected some resistance, perhaps some level of security or a weird cult he’d have to join before entering. But he was instead met with such openness from the man in the bandana that he’d nearly gotten whiplash.

Taking care to make sure his backpack didn’t knock into anything, George began to look around the shop in wonder. Upon further inspection of the tanks, he was alarmed when he saw the specimens *move*, all different sizes and shapes all swirling and squirming in their respective enclosures. They were undeniably *alive*.

There were ones with miniscule feelers, ones with suction cups like octopus, thick and thin and short and long. Some were so massive their tanks spanned from floor to ceiling, while some were tiny enough to keep in small glass domes.

George’s attention was caught by one in particular. It looked spherical, and it wasn’t moving. However, the price tag on it was outrageous, so it was clearly of value. How would someone even use it? He reached his fingers towards the glass in curiosity.

“Hey hey! Careful there, that one’s for advanced users only. You probably shouldn’t be starting out with that one.” the man called from behind the counter, causing George to jerk back as though he’d been burned.

Advanced? Yikes...

“Oh! Uh... what about... this one...?” George pointed to an unassuming batch of tentacles in a medium sized tank with a price tag that would likely make his wallet hurt less.

The man shook his head in amusement, coming out from behind the counter. “You’re great at going for the special ones huh? No no, it’d rip your poor twink body to shreds.”

“Hey fuck off, I’m not a twink!” George sputtered incredulously, clutching the straps of his backpack.

“And you’ve got a sweet accent too! You from England or something?” he said, searching the shelves.

“Yeah. Been here for a while though. How do you even-”

He smiled again with his unsettlingly sharp canines. “How does the shop work, you mean? Well, that’s a secret of course. But how did you hear about it? A friend or something?”

“Heard some girls talking about it in the bookstore I work at.” George said, watching dazed as the man pulled out a tank and let a tentacle curl around his finger. It looked incredibly slimy, but he didn’t seem to mind.

“Mmm. Gotcha. Are you good at pleasuring yourself? Single? Got anyone you’re fuckin’?”

George spluttered at the bluntness of the questioning.

“Uh, y-yeah? Yes? No? Why are you even asking?”

“Standard protocol,” the man shrugged, “Just helping me find out which tentacle is the right one for you. And I’m assuming you want to buy one, right? You did come here with a reason?”

Something low and hot coiled in George’s stomach. He nodded apprehensively. The man’s face split into that grin again. Despite how alarming the teeth were, he was admittedly quite attractive.

“Awesome! Well, I think I have just the thing for a beginner like yourself...” He opened a compartment on the wall that looked similar to the ones at the candy store just down the block. Plucking a few capsules from the box, he held them out for George to see. It looked like medicine.

“These bad boys are instant tentacles! If you soak these capsules in water, they should each grow into a decently sized specimen for you to start off with. I’ll only give you a few, just so they don’t overwhelm you too much...” The man took a tiny plastic bag off the wall and dropped each capsule inside carefully before sealing it and putting it in George’s awaiting palm.

“Uh... How much are these?” If it was anything like that sphere, his wallet would be out of commission for weeks.

“They’re some of our cheapest, don’t worry!” he smiled, crossing his arms, “I’ll give you some food for them, and just make sure you keep them in water, they’ll die if they dry up for too long.”

George’s brain spun with details. He’d have to write them all down once he paid.

“Oh, and these types don’t breed much, but if they do start multiplying, just bring them right back and I’ll get you started with something new. I don’t think that will happen, but y-”

“*Saaaapnaaaaap!!!*”

The door of the shop slammed open and a purple blur flashed by George and slammed into... Sapnap...? Was that the man’s name?

“Jacobs! Hey, hey, let me go man, stop it!”

The man in the purple hoodie released Sapnap from his grasp and smiled. He was... *adorable*. George’s gut sank for some reason. He guessed he just envied the man’s looks.

“Sap, I’m *so* sorry, I knew I should’ve returned the suckers earlier. The tank is outside and it’s stuffed to the brim!” he was already dashing back out the door, and Sapnap turned to follow him.

“Late return again, Karl? I should start charging you extra, you whore.”

George clutched the small packet of capsules to his chest, suddenly feeling invisible. But he watched in amazement as the man in the purple hoodie... Karl... shoved a tank through the doorway and tore off the piece of fabric covering it.

He hadn't been lying. It *was* filled to the brim.

There must've been at least thirty small-sized tentacles, all green in color, thrashing around madly. They barely fit inside the tank, and when Sapnap removed the lid, water sloshed onto the floor. Karl yelped and stepped back so the water wouldn't hit his sneakers.

"Jesus, Jacobs, how much did you breed these?"

Karl whimpered. "Listen, they just started laying all their eggs in me, and it just felt good, I didn't want them to stop!"

"Karl." Sapnap's voice was stern as he knelt down next to the tank. "I gave you *three*."

Breeding? Laying eggs? Three? Does that mean he...? George's head spun with questions as his face heated. The image of Karl struggling amongst those angry tendrils was too much to imagine.

"Well." Sapnap sighed, "I suppose nothing can be done. I'll take these and sell them, since you've effectively just quadrupled my stock. Just..." he slid the lid back over the thrashing green limbs, "Be more careful next time."

"Of course! Sorry about that again." Karl sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck. "Oh, and I still have a week on the suction ones, right? Do you have the stuff for the marks? I haven't been able to wear short sleeve shirts for days."

"Yeah sure, I'll go get you some, it's in the back." Sapnap hefted the tank in his arms and disappeared behind the thick velvet curtain leading to the back room.

And finally, Karl seemed to notice he wasn't alone.

“Hey! You’re new, aren’t you? Ooh, nice pick, did Sappy tell you about those?” Karl bounded over to him like an overexcitable puppy.

George flushed, looking down at the small packet. He was unable to get over the fact that this man had let tentacles lay eggs inside him.

“Yeah. You’re... Karl?”

“Yup!” he grinned. Karl’s smile was much less alarming than Sapnap’s. If anything it was blindingly pure, seemingly too good to be on someone who most likely had octopus hickeys all down his arms. “What’s your name, newbie?”

“George. George Lore. I work at the bookstore down the street. I think I saw you in the shop the other day.” Come to think of it, the sandy brown mop of hair was indeed quite familiar, although he hadn’t really seen him up close and personal.

“Oh hey, I love that place! Quack’s Books And Penmanship? It’s so nice there!” Karl exclaimed. “I haven’t seen you in there though. Maybe I will the next time I go!”

“Yeah. Sure!” George’s voice wobbled as he tried to match Karl’s bright enthusiasm.

“Alright Jacobs, I got your stuff.” Sapnap’s voice made George jump. “You know the drill, put it on evenly and leave it for four hours before washing. You should be as good as new.”

“Thanks Sap!” Karl took the bottle from his hands and enveloped him in another hug. “How much do I owe you?”

“Five bucks. I’ll tack it on to your next purchase, don’t worry.”

“Awesome! Okay, I gotta split, I have to go get this stuff on before I go to dinner tonight.” Karl waved as he jogged backwards towards the door. “Oh, and George?”

“Huh?”

“Tell me how the capsules go the next time I’m here!” he winked.

The door slammed shut and George was left sputtering and flustered once again.

“Don’t mind Karl. He’s a regular around here and I think he loves talking about tentacles just as much as fuckin’ them.” Sapnap snorted. “He got your name, huh? George?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, that’s me.” God, he was still getting used to the way these things were so flippantly mentioned. Sure, he’d read more porn in the back of the bookshop than he probably should, hell, he spent most of his breaks back there, but he wasn’t used to it being talked about so casually.

“Wanna buy anything else? We have changing rooms where you can test them out.” Sapnap said with that predatory grin.

“No! No, I’m fine, thank you. Just these will be fine.”

George stood in front of the bowl of hot water, blushing. He didn’t usually take himself as someone to be phased by this. Hell, he’d been with people before, masturbated countless times. But this time, he’d be leaving his pleasure in the hands of a non-expressive, magical, potentially hazardous tentacle born from a capsule he bought off a guy in a shop sealed by glamour.

Fun Thursday evening, huh?

“Okay,” George steeled himself, gripping the plastic package of instant tentacles in one hand and the list of instructions Sapnap had written for him in the other. “Take three capsules and put them in the water. Leave them for three minutes, do not spin, move, or agitate. Simple.”

George took a deep breath and ripped open the package, emptying three capsules into his palm. He eyed them one last time, and, with a last breath of hesitation, dropped them into the water. They slowly floated down and sunk to the bottom, where one by one they began to release a thin trail of bubbles.

Holy shit.

This was actually happening.

George looked back frantically to the instructions which were half-crumpled from stress and excitement.

“Okay, the tentacles stop moving if you throw ice water on them. Always keep ice water around for emergencies, because capsule tentacles don’t know when to stop. Happy.... *Fucking....?*” George read the last instructions with a nervous laugh. Three minutes would buy him enough time to get a glass of ice.

The streams of bubbles increased. George jogged to the freezer.

By the time he was back and condensation was collecting around his fingers, the tentacles were very clearly no longer capsules. Setting the glass down carefully on the table, George looked in wonder upon the writhing tentacles in the bowl. He reached out a tentative hand and touched one.

It was warm, like touching a human, but slimy like a frog and smooth like silicon.

It seemed to like his touch, pressing onto his hand like a kiss and twining around his finger playfully. It was on the smaller side, about the thickness of a banana and three times its length, and a soft blue color that seemed oddly comforting. It didn’t seem to have an issue when George picked it up, and it circled around his arm similar to the way a snake would.

It was warm and wet against his skin, and felt oddly strong. And the smell it secreted was musky and sweet in a way that made George’s stomach pull. He took the bowl and carefully set it down on the floor in front of him, where the two other tentacles wriggled languidly.

He was really gonna do this.

George looked at the tentacle he held in his hand and held it as it dripped warm rivulets of water and natural lubricant onto his clothed thighs. Unbuttoning and pulling back the waist of his skinny jeans, he could see that he was already hard, dick pressing up against his underwear. A droplet fell

onto his covered cock and he let out an undignified whimper.

The tentacle seemed to know what it needed to do, already trying to wriggle its way out of George's grasp.

"Alright. Do your worst."

George allowed the tentacle to fall into his jeans.

The sensation was immediate. Wet softness falling over his dick made a soft whine leave his throat, but that was before it started *squirming*.

The tentacle made quick work of getting through his underwear, he could feel the warm head crawling underneath his boxers and slithering across his dick, not particularly shy about stimulation. The sudden friction and combination of the scent that kept getting stronger made George keen, his thighs squeezing together instinctively.

There was a sudden prodding at his ass, and the tentacle seemed to have found what it was looking for. The painful reminder struck him that he hadn't prepped himself at all. He didn't exactly know what to expect, after all. But now he certainly did. There was no mistaking the wet head pushing insistently at his rim.

He bit out a breathy moan as the tail end of the tentacle wrapped itself around his dick and squeezed. The slippery warmth felt too good. He feverishly pawed at his jeans, struggling to get them off his legs. Throwing the stiff fabric to the side, he leaned back on the floor, thighs spreading instinctively to allow the tentacle more room to move.

Almost immediately, the tentacle head entered his ass, before moving back again. George yelped. The stretch was evident, but the burn didn't exactly bother him.

The tentacle didn't seem to mind anyway, and it plunged directly back in with no warning whatsoever.

The moan he let out was obscene. Somewhere in George's already fuzzy brain occurred the thought that he'd probably have to call in sick the next day with all the pain he'd most likely be feeling. But at that moment, the only thing that really mattered was how fucking *good* it felt.

A splashing noise accompanied by two wet *slaps* made George's head perk up.

He'd completely forgotten about the other two tentacles.

Squirming madly, he tried to sit up, but the tentacle in his ass chose that moment to thrust up, sending his head knocking backwards onto the floor and making his back arch. The tentacle continued its harsh thrusts, rendering George practically immobile as the other two slithered up his sides. One slid under his shirt while the other wrapped around his thigh, squeezing possessively.

George's nipples had never been particularly sensitive. But there must've been something to that musky smell or the slick lubricant they were covered in. Because when the tentacle up his shirt grazed them, his eyes rolled back in his head and he nearly sobbed. Seemingly noticing his reaction, the tentacle did it again, rubbing harder with more purpose. The combination of sensations building up really was enough to make tears well in his eyes, breath coming shallow and needy.

The tentacle in his ass thrust deeper and deeper, making him feel fuller than any hookup he'd ever had. It unwound from his dick in favor of pushing harder into him, rubbing against his prostate. George tipped his head back, the sounds from his mouth coming loud and incoherent. He was infinitely grateful for the fact that he lived alone.

Seeming to notice the change of course, the tentacle around his thigh slithered its way to caress his dick, still slick with lubricant. George hiccuped pathetically, a desperate "*Please!*" leaving his lips before it curled around his cock and began to pump.

Tears spilled over as he moaned, eyes rolling back and tongue lolling out of his mouth as the sensations all reached a breaking point. The flicking of his nipples, the harsh pumping on his dick, and the thrusting in his ass hitting his prostate just right...

He came hard, voice now a hoarse scream as cum spilled over his dick and onto the soft blue skin of the tentacle wrapped around him. He allowed his body to go lax, melting onto the floor as the tentacles continued their harsh pace through his orgasm.

But what had the instructions said?

Right. Capsule tentacles don't stop.

George's bliss quickly faded into overstimulation as he moaned, struggling. It felt incredible, but it was so *much* he could barely think. His arms shook and slipped, the lubricant was fucking *everywhere*. Struggling, he tried to move his legs, arms, anything, but his body felt like jelly, shaking and weak.

"Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*" George sobbed, back arching and thighs shivering as the tentacles continued to fuck him. The water. Where was the ice water?

He spotted it through his tear-blurred vision, resting on the edge of the table. If he could just... reach it...

George collapsed back onto the floor as a dry orgasm wracked his body, the second wave pleasure washed over him once again. He considered just lying there, letting the tentacles fuck him silly until he passed out from exhaustion. The aphrodisiac was thick in the air and the sensations were addictive, and his limbs were terribly weak...

No no. Fuck this. He needed sleep and he had a 9am shift the next morning.

Using his last surge of motivation and strength, he pushed himself to his knees. The tentacle chose this as the perfect moment to grind onto his prostate and he fell to his hands, mouth falling open and saliva pouring off his tongue. George huffed and whined, but he kept moving, clawing desperately towards the table.

His fingers grazed the wood and he let out a cry of victory, which was covered immediately with another high moan as the tentacle on his dick twisted tighter, swiping over the head.

It would be so easy to just lie back down, fuck them all night...

George's willpower won out over lust as he tipped the water onto himself and gasped at the blast of cold.

The tentacles on him immediately went still and limp, falling off him with ease. He breathed an easy sigh of relief. Well... all except for the one in his ass. Trailing a hand down, he gripped it and pulled with a whine. It felt weird and was still sticky with lubricant, not to mention still lodged deep inside him. Whining, he pulled more, the sensation of it making more tears spill down his face. When the head finally popped out of his ass, he huffed a deep sigh and placed it gently on the

floor.

There was a tank half-full of water on the table that Sapnap had advised him to buy, claiming he would most likely be needing it. Working under the threat of the tentacles waking up again and *really* fucking him through the night, George gathered the three limp limbs and struggled to his feet, leaning on the table for support. He laid them in the tank with care and slid the lid over them before promptly collapsing on the floor in the mess of slick they'd left.

His body hurt. His ass felt numb. His nipples were painfully hard and he shivered from the cold air hitting the splatter of ice water on his body. But one thing was for sure.

George would absolutely be going back to the tentacle shop on 5th avenue.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah!! If you enjoyed, I'd highly recommend checking out the volume it was based on here, it's basically the same thing except with lesbians:
<https://nhentai.net/g/229779/>

As always, if you have any comments or questions, or you spot any spelling errors, drop them below, and feel free to leave a kudos if you enjoyed! See you in the next chapter!! <3

Exploration

Chapter Summary

George returns to the shop and is confronted with a particular customer and a particular tentacle.

Chapter Notes

Wow! You guys are ACTUALLY insane, like the love I'm getting on this fic is unlike anything I've ever gotten before! So of course, with all the support, y'all KNOW I gotta bring you a new chapter ASAP! We have some Karl content this chapter!! For all you rarepair lovers out there, I guess this can kinda count as Karl/George? Kiiinda? Like, if you squint?

Anyways, ships aside, I hope you all enjoy this chapter, and I'm glad y'all are loving this concept as much as I am!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So...” Karl swung his legs, looking at George expectantly.

“Huh? What?” he startled, pulled from his thoughts. A cup of coffee sat in front of him, steaming. He hadn’t touched it yet.

Karl took a swig from his and grinned. It shouldn't have looked threatening on him, but his enthusiasm was often intimidating to George.

“Those capsules, huh? Didja like them?”

George spluttered. “Oh! Uhh. Why... Why are you asking? Isn’t that a little-”

“Aw, c’mon George, you can tell me!” Karl exclaimed, teacup clanking down noisily on his saucer, “How many times have you used it? How did it feel? Did it make you cum?”

George shifted uncomfortably, ears growing red. “Well, um...”

The truth was, the capsules had worked extraordinarily once George learned to keep the ice as close as possible. As soon as he'd gotten back from work that Friday, he'd let the tentacles lose on his bed and let them fuck him until he was begging and sobbing. It must've gone on and on for hours until he passed out or tipped over the ice, whichever had come first, he didn't remember. The only thing he knew was that the pleasure was unlike anything he'd ever experienced. And of course, being extremely grateful for the crinkly plastic cover on his mattress for once in his life.

"So you *did* cum? How many times?" Karl leaned across the table, "Did it feel- *ACK!*"

"Shut up Jacobs, you're scaring him!" Sapnap hissed, holding a tube of newspaper which he'd smacked Karl with. George breathed a sigh of relief.

"So, George? How would you describe it?"

George winced. *Oh god, not him too.*

"See Sap? You're bugging him too!" Karl whined.

"Well, I sold them to him. It's my job to know how my customers feel." Sapnap crossed his arms and watched as Karl frowned and drained the last of his coffee, "So go ahead George, tell me."

With the two pairs of insistent eyes boring into him, George's face grew unbearably hot. Despite how embarrassing it was, he really *did* want to tell someone about it. It was just so *much*, unlike anything he could've ever dreamed possible, and he was practically bursting at the seams. Often literally. *Man*, could those tentacles stretch him...

"It's good."

At his slightest word, Sapnap and Karl seemed to perk up like dogs. He could almost see metaphorical tails wagging behind them as they looked on, insistent for more information.

"More than good, I mean, it was..." George swallowed, staring at the coffee in his cup, "I don't remember how many times I came, it's like my mind is still blank. I... I guess that's a good thing?"

Sapnap grinned widely. “Fuck yeah that’s a good thing! Anything else?”

Karl bounced in his seat. “What did they do to you? Which time felt the best?”

“Uh... they... they rubbed my...” George trailed off and pointed at his chest, “I was never really sensitive there before, I don’t know what they did to me to make it feel like that...”

Sapnap clicked his tongue. “The capsules have a mild aphrodisiac in their natural slick. That could’ve been what did it. But make sure you keep using them, they’ll get to know your body and make you feel even better!”

Even... better...?

The first few times had damn near killed him, he couldn’t begin to imagine *better*. George sipped his coffee tentatively, attempting to hide his burning face with the cup.

“Yeah, the more you use tentacles, the more they get used to you!” Karl chirped excitedly, “They get to know all the spots that make you feel good so they hit them every time. They’re pretty smart!”

Sapnap nodded, feeding a piece of lettuce to a tentacle that was peeking its head out of a tank. “It’s important to identify your erogenous zones so you can know what makes you feel best. That way, you can find tentacles that best suit your tastes.”

George nodded. There was much more to this than he’d originally thought.

Karl giggled. Sapnap shot an amused glance at him.

“What’s got you tickled, Jacobs?”

“Oh, nothing!” Karl leaned back in his chair, “Just thinking about how George probably has sensitive thighs.”

“*What!?!*” George exclaimed, legs instinctually squeezing together.

“Hey, what did I say about scaring my customers, you whore?” Sapnap moved to whack him again and Karl yelped in amusement.

“It’s *funny* , Sap! Also you said it yourself! It’s important to know those things!”

Sapnap sighed, dropping the newspaper in mock defeat.

“But...” George swallowed apprehensively, “Why did it go for my nipples anyway?”

“Probably just a guess.” Sapnap said, “As I said, if you fuck them more, they’ll get to know your body and learn the spots that make you feel best. However...”

Karl perked up, seemingly knowing what Sapnap was about to say.

“If you condition a specific spot, you can turn it into an erogenous zone over time. Karl knows that firsthand.”

“I do! I turned my stomach into one.” he grinned, seemingly proud of himself.

His... stomach? George wondered how that would even work. He was sure Karl would explain if he asked, but he didn’t want to push it. So did that mean when someone touched his stomach he’d get turned on? Just like that? Seemed inconvenient but... Undeniably hot.

“You can try it out George, if you’d like.” Sapnap said, baring his canines in a grin. George’s eyes went wide.

“No, no I’m good!”

For now at least.

Sapnap shrugged. “Well, suit yourself. I’m sure Karl would be happy to tell you how to do it if you ever choose otherwise.”

Karl nodded enthusiastically. George gave a weak smile.

He went quiet, in favor of watching Sapnap interact with the tentacles. He seemed to have a sort of bond with them, almost like he could understand them. The one he was feeding now was large, and the tank swung open sideways like a closet door. As he held out a head of lettuce to the top head, the other limbs reached out to touch him, ruffling his hair and caressing his arms. Sapnap seemed to like it, giving a quiet laugh and petting the tentacles back. George felt a short pang of jealousy. It must be nice to have all these tentacles to yourself, have them know you. Be able to fuck as many as you want, whenever you want...

“Alright guys, I think I’m gonna take this guy to the back for a check-in. Karl, you know what to do, if any people come in, show them around and wait for me to come back up.”

“Yes sir!” Karl said, giving a quick salute and a winning smile.

“And George, feel free to stick around, I’d never kick out any of my dear customers.” Sapnap said with a wink.

“Thanks.” George said, sipping his coffee as he watched the tentacles slowly slither out of the tank and across the floor, following Sapnap to the back of the shop and behind the curtain. There was a faint clang, a whirl of gears, and then silence. He turned back to Karl, questions already burning on his tongue.

“Let me guess,” Karl drawled, “You wanna know what a ‘check-in’ is?”

“Well, I mean, that’s kind of Sapnap’s business, I wouldn’t want to-”

“He takes them back there to a lower floor and fucks them.” Karl said simply, “He excuses it as business and part of his job, but I think he just enjoys it too much.”

George’s jaw dropped. “There’s lower floors? What’s even on those?”

“Oh, that’s where he keeps all the bigger monsters and tentacles. Some of them are too massive or too powerful to be displayed behind glass up here.” he gestured to the multicolored tanks lining the walls.

Too... massive? Powerful enough to break glass? George’s head spun. There was so much more he had to find out about this place.

“How long have you been going here? You know a lot about... everything...”

“Oh, I’ve known Sapnap for a long time. I don’t exactly remember how we became friends, but once he took me in here I was hooked. Been fuckin’ these things for years now! They’ve never let me down.” he beamed.

George breathed out a whistle of admiration. Maybe one day he’d be like Karl and know every tentacle like the back of his hand. And he supposed the first step was learning more.

“What else can you tell me?”

“Well, you know, some of the tentacles aren’t even in tanks. Have you heard about mimics yet?” Karl tilted his head in curiosity.

“Mimics? Do they, uh... mimic things?” George said somewhat dumbly, brain reeling from all the information he was getting.

Karl laughed. “Yeah, that’s exactly what they do. Mimic tentacles disguise themselves as familiar or household objects and await their unsuspecting victims. The wild ones are mostly extinct, but they used to be a real issue. If you got caught by one, you’d be pumped full of eggs and left to birth them alone.”

George shivered. That sounded awful. Some people might be into that, but he’d want to be ready for that kind of commitment.

“But Sapnap’s are domesticated. If they catch you, they’ll just fuck you until you can’t see straight and then let you go. It feels amazing, being pulled in and not knowing up from down as you cum

for hours. You still get the element of surprise, and the lack of control, but at least you'll be safe!" Karl said with a grin. George gulped, eyes wide.

"So how do they do it?"

"What, the fucking or the disguising?" Karl teased, waggling his eyebrows.

"The mimicking, I meant, um-"

"They're like octopi or chameleons, except they can stretch their cells to imitate texture as well as color. Sometimes they're so realistic you could use them for months and never realize it was a fake." Karl smiled devilishly, "For example, this table is a mimic. So is that chair you're sitting on."

Wait. What?

George looked down at the wood in shock and was even more surprised when cracks appeared in the surface and it *moved*, seemingly shaken by Karl's words.

"But... how? It feels just like wood!" George exclaimed, startled, running a finger along the wood grain of the table. A tentacle shape rose from the wood and lifted his cup of coffee to his face. He took it in awe.

"Awesome, isn't it?" Karl cooed, clearly pleased with himself.

"Yeah... really cool..." He stroked a tentacle and the texture changed from wood to that silicon slickness he'd come to expect, like the ones he had at home.

"Wanna try it out?"

George startled. "Oh, no no, I'm fine!"

Karl pouted. "Awh. I won't push you. But it does look like you're hard."

He pointed down, and George followed his gaze. He wasn't wrong, his dick pressed firmly against his jeans in a noticeable tent.

"Fuck." he cursed, biting his lip.

"Hey listen, I still won't push you, and Sapnap told me how to call these off at any time, but you might wanna get off that chair because it might smell your-"

The chair under George morphed into tentacles faster than he could blink, and he cried out before he was immediately ensnared. Thick, incredibly strong limbs circled his wrists and thighs, pulling his body taut in its grasp. His cup fell to the floor, forgotten.

"Karl what the *fuck!* " he cried, kicking.

"I tried to tell you, they can smell when humans are turned on and it'll trigger their instincts." Karl shrugged, "I can call Sapnap to get it off you now. Or you can sit there and let it rail your pretty ass until you're screaming. Your choice."

God damn him.

Karl's heated words sizzled in his ears. The feeling of the tentacles against his skin was familiar, but the fact that they were *huge* was entirely different. They were strong too, terribly so, and when he tried to move or struggle, they just held him in place with what seemed like little to no effort. Heat curled up his stomach as it slithered its way over his body. And honestly? He really didn't want it to stop.

"*Fuck*, I'm-" George breathed as the tentacles dug under his shirt to expose his stomach, "No. Don't call him. *Please* ."

Karl's mouth curled into a blindingly innocent grin that did not reflect the current situation in the slightest.

"Don't mind me then. I'll just enjoy the show."

His burning stare was equal parts horribly embarrassing and incredibly arousing, the thought of being helpless and unable to resist in the grasp of the mimic making George pant heavily. The tentacles grabbed shamelessly at his clothes, tearing off his jeans and lifting his shirt with little difficulty. Contact with his bare skin seemed to drive them into even more of a frenzy, caressing him and winding around his limbs with need.

The feeling of being touched all over filled him with desperation, the stimulation making warmth bloom in his stomach and fireworks explode in his head. And they hadn't even touched his dick yet.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Karl piped. He turned to a tentacle as though he were addressing it directly. "Make sure to touch his thighs."

"*Karl!*" George half-yelled, half-moaned as a tentacle finally dragged over his cock.

"Oh sure, moan my name louder." Karl teased, sitting back in his chair and crossing his arms in amusement as George's face melted into pleasure.

And touch his thighs they did. Slick limbs pulled taught around pale flesh, with grip harsh enough to leave marks. Flesh that would soon be turning pink and red and purple, like a newly painted canvas. It seemed Karl had been right too, about that being his weak spot, because a loud whine escaped his throat and his hips bucked wildly into the air.

Skilled feelers tore their way into his boxers, ripping them down his thighs with seemingly no care. George felt that familiar poking around his rim and tried his best to steel himself for penetration.

But what he got was unexpected. A tentacle circled around to his front and *split*, straight down the middle and revealed lines of bumps, shining with slick. And almost as quickly as it had appeared, it swooped down and latched itself onto George's cock. The stimulation was immediate and powerful, and it *sucked*, pumping itself up and down at a rapid pace that left no room for breath.

This was nothing at all like the capsules.

The tentacles near his ass poked through and he gasped. It was thin, almost feeling like a finger, but as it squirmed it began to grow, effectively stretching him out. There were sudden pin pricks of pain at his thighs and George looked down to see the tentacles pinching at his skin, adding to the

cresting wave of stimulation that rushed through his veins.

The tentacle in his ass began to thrust into him, pace sudden and relentless. It squirmed and pumped until it found what it was looking for, the spot that made George cry out embarrassingly loud. It would've been heard from outside if not for the shop's glamour, and at that moment he was grateful for the mysterious magic of the building. But he didn't have much time to contemplate as the tentacle slammed against his prostate, making his vision spin.

He babbled incoherencies, which were drowned out by the constant stream of slick, lewd noises coming from all over his body as he was teased, touched, pumped, and fucked. George was beginning to understand, somewhere in his pleasure-drunk brain, what Sapnap had meant by "even better". And it wasn't even done.

"Fuck m' gonna fucking *cum!*" he sobbed, tears spilling down his cheeks.

Karl looked up from checking his nails, infuriatingly unbothered. "You can tell me to go get Sapnap at any time. But I think you can cum more than once."

"*Fuuuck!*" George moaned in response as the tentacle in his ass slammed into his prostate viciously.

His body spasmed and shook as he came. White liquid spilled from the corners of the mouth-like tentacle attached to his dick. His body was covered in sweat and slick and it shimmered in an almost ethereal way under the lamplight of the shop.

Karl watched open-mouthed, eyes glazed over with lust as George twisted and squirmed and sobbed. His stare was sizzling, but it somehow made things feel even better, the embarrassment of being on display, the fact that someone, *anyone* could walk in and see him like this... it felt sinfully *good*.

The euphoria from his orgasm faded into painfully familiar overstimulation, but the feeling was just so much *more* than George was used to. He sobbed, the sensations coming ever faster. The tentacles didn't care. He was helpless in the grip of a monster he couldn't control, unable to escape. And even though his body screamed with exertion and his nerves sizzled with endless electricity, he didn't want it to stop.

The mimic was apparently full of surprises, because the intensity only seemed to increase, as if his

cum was fuel. It probably was. He'd have to ask Karl about that if he ever recovered.

Suction around his dick increased in time with the tentacle that just seemed to keep *swelling* inside his ass. It seemed it was absolutely hellbent on torturing him, and it was undoubtedly working. The more George struggled, the grip on his thighs, his waist, his wrists, just got more strong, biting into his skin in a deliciously painful way.

George always knew he liked pain, liked being restrained and toyed with. Admittedly, most of his experiences with other people had been terribly underwhelming. They'd treated him like he was a fragile thing to be taken care of, but that just wasn't what he was. Frustrated hours spent locked in his room with a hand around his dick and stacks of outlandish erotica from the bookstore were how he spent most of his time. Wishing someone would just take the chance and break him like he wanted.

George was terribly fed up with the way people looked at him. He was good looking, yes, there was no issue there, but he was *pretty*. Pretty in a way that made people tiptoe around him, as if he were made of glass that would shatter at the slightest touch. But the last thing he wanted to be viewed as was delicate.

And now it finally seemed, what he had wanted for so long didn't lie in other people.

It was in *this*.

As the tentacle pounded into him harder and that feeling started to build in his stomach again, Karl's words echoed in his head. About how the mimics don't stop until their victims pass out from exhaustion. How *long* would he be here? How much cum would they suck out of him before he collapsed limp on the shop floor? Hours? George almost hoped it would be.

He wanted to be broken.

"Please please *please*, oh my god!" George slurred through choked moans. Karl laughed. His body screamed with another wave of pleasure, feeling a second orgasm hovering at the edge of his consciousness, and...

"What the fuck is going on here?"

The tentacles froze. George sobbed. Karl jumped.

Sapnap stood in the doorway, shirt unbuttoned to expose his chest, bandana loose and tilted, his forehead slick with sweat. His face was flushed, and he panted with exertion. A tentacle was wrapped around his waist and he hastily shoved it off, crossing his arms and affixing a disdainful expression.

“Don’t just sit there Karl, you know using tentacles in the shop is against the rules.”

“Sapnap! You’re... back!” Karl laughed sheepishly, assertive attitude crumbling under his harsh glare.

“Yes, I’m back. How long has this been going on? Did you not think to call me, whore? Just enjoying the show?” Sapnap hissed.

Karl shrunk back, trying to keep the friendly smile on his face. “No, that’s not what I-”

“I don’t want to hear your excuses, you horny bitch.” Sapnap said plainly before turning to George. “Turn back into a chair you beasts, and don’t keep jumping my damn customers like that.”

“M sorry,” George slurred dumbly, going limp as the tentacles shrunk back and returned to their wooden form.

“It’s alright George, you didn’t know,” Sapnap gave him a smile, “Sorry about your clothes. I can get you a change.”

“I tried to tell him Sap, I swear I did!” Karl babbled, holding up his hands in defense, “He was on the chair and he was hard and-”

“And you didn’t think to ring me up? Huh?” Sapnap bit back, raising his eyebrow in disbelief, “I know you’re a voyeur. Don’t try and deny me here.”

Karl made a noise of protest and pouted. “Now this is just kinkshaming.”

George giggled lightly, brain still fuzzy. Karl brightened slightly at the noise.

“As if you aren’t into degradation too.” Sapnap scoffed and tossed George a damp towel. “Make sure you clean yourself up, that stuff gets real uncomfortable when it dries.”

George took the towel with shaky hands, face flushed with embarrassment. He nodded his thanks to Sapnap and began wiping down his legs, which were wet with slick and sweat. His dick was still hard. He tried not to think about it.

“Oh, George, if you feel like it, we do have changing rooms where you can try out tentacles. I can get Dream out to help you with that if you want.” Sapnap smiled, his sharp canines glinting in a way that made George shiver.

Okay. Maybe he would think about his dick.

“Who’s Dream? You mentioned him before...” George blurted, curiosity overriding him.

Sapnap chuckled. “He’s my... assistant of sorts. I’m sure he’d love you, no need to worry. And you’re free to try anything you want in the changing rooms. It’s just not allowed in the main part of the shop.”

George perked up at the words. “Wait, anything? Like... anything in the shop you mean?”

“Anything that you can handle, yeah.” Sapnap said with a shrug, “I’d keep away from the advanced level ones for now, but sure. Go crazy.”

“Ah...” George’s eyes flicked hungrily around the shop, from tank to tank. His imagination wouldn’t have to conjure up images of what it would be like to be railed until he could no longer stand. He could just... go see for himself. There was no tiptoeing. No treating him like some delicate glass thing. Here, he was made to be broken.

A small smile curved its way onto his lips.

“Yeah. I’ll take a room.”

Sapnap grinned wider. “Great! I’ll have one for you right away.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, leave comments, thoughts, and questions you might have! Also go follow me on TikTok where I'm most active, @dnf_fics, if you haven't already! I recommend new fanfiction at least twice a week! Again, thank you all so much for the support, and I hope you enjoyed! <3

Edit: Forgot to add that you can read the volume this chapter is based on here:

<https://nhentai.net/g/235801/>

TW for really really dubious consent and r*pe mention. I wanted to make this chapter display proper consent because it wasn't portrayed that way in the doujin and it made me kinda pissed.

Indulgence

Chapter Summary

After George's mimic tentacle incident, he finally meets Sapnap's mysterious assistant.

Chapter Notes

HI Y'ALL I'M NOT DEAD AND I HAVE NOT ABANDONED YOU!!!! Uh, so basically, this trainwreck is like 20 pages long and took me like, a literal month to write. My mental health has been absolute shit, but with the help of my very lovely friends and you guys' encouraging words both here and on TikTok, I finally pulled through! So, without further hindrance, here's chapter 3!!

(And yes, you guys finally get DNF this time!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Okay George, can you stand?” Sapnap held out a hand. He nodded with a shrug.

“I think so.”

George extended his arm to grab him. Sapnap’s grip was strong and grounding as he pulled him to his feet. His legs shook as he stood, causing him to falter and grip onto his shoulder with a gasp. That mimic had seriously wrecked him.

“Careful man, don’t stand up too fast, there you go,” Sapnap coaxed, letting George lean into him to support himself.

George sniffed. Something smelled good, sweet, like caramel and chocolate. It reminded him of the dessert shop on the corner that he went to on Fridays when he finished work early.

“Hey Sapnap, what’s-”

He got his answer before he even asked. His nerves were sent alight with electricity and it felt like someone was hitting against his prostate. *Hard.*

George's legs shook and he collapsed back onto the ground with an embarrassingly loud moan.

"Oh shit, I am *so* sorry!"

"*What the fuck is happening to me!?*" George cried, shaking.

"Oh so it's *that* one." Karl laughed, "I should've known Sarnap. Looks like it's working though."

"Wh-"

"Sorry about that George," Sarnap rubbed his neck sheepishly, "The tentacle I was... uh... checking on... produces a sort of airborne aphrodisiac. That's what the smell is, and that's why you're... you know."

"Holy *fuck*." George's voice shook, eyes rolling back in his head as his body rutted into the air against his will.

"I should probably get you something for that. Jacobs, *do not try anything*." Sarnap said with a harsh glare towards Karl, who froze in his attempt to tickle the table mimic out of its disguise. He giggled lightly and raised his hands in defeat. George moaned again from the floor.

Sarnap rifled through his shelves, pulling down several different colored jars and glass bottles along with another teacup to replace the one that had dropped on the floor when George had first gotten jumped. He carefully poured the various ingredients into the cup, covering it with a clear liquid that looked like water, or at least he hoped it was, and stirring with a small wooden spoon.

"I'm immune to aphrodisiacs, so I usually don't use this too often, but it's useful for customers who get a little too worked up." Sarnap explained as he mixed.

He brought the mixture to George, who took it in violently shaking hands and drank it without complaint. It tasted a bit like the way freshly cut grass smells, and while it wasn't entirely pleasant, it wasn't bad either. The throbbing feeling began to ebb almost immediately, and George breathed a sigh of relief.

“There you go, nice and easy. Sorry about that again.” Sapnap said with a chuckle.

Slightly more embarrassed than before, George stood on shaky legs and positioned himself on a couch that he was sure wasn’t a mimic. He didn’t need that experience twice.

“Well then, if George is resting, I guess I’ll go down next!” Karl said cheerily, standing up and handing his empty cup to Sapnap. He took it with a roll of his eyes.

“Yeah yeah, you know the drill. Your favorite is free from appointments all day, so have fun and make sure to lock the doors behind you.” Sapnap said in a monotone. It seemed like he’d had to say this many times.

“Oh sweet, thank you! And you know I always do!” Karl gave him a happy salute as he bounded towards the curtain. “Oh, and George?”

George startled. “Huh?”

“That was fun.” Karl winked and dipped behind the curtain.

George felt his face grow impossibly redder and Sapnap laughed, walking over to give him a friendly pat on the back.

“Don’t worry about Karl, he just likes to get under people’s skin.”

“Yeah. Right.” George agreed weakly. He took another sip of the grassy substance.

“So how long did that go anyway? Was he alright? Are *you* alright?” he questioned, concern glazed over his eyes.

“I don’t... I don’t know. It’s like my mind went blank. And yeah, Karl’s fine! He didn’t force me to or anything. I’m... I’m fine. Good. I’m good.” George stumbled over his words, embarrassed flush never fading. Sapnap didn’t seem to mind though, he just nodded.

“So you wanted to fuck the mimic? He didn’t pressure you into it?”

“Oh, uh, yeah. I did.” George admitted, ducking his head. “It was good. Better than the ones I have at home.”

Sapnap smiled at him and gave him a firm pat on the back, making him cough lightly. “That’s good! Sorry about stopping you guys so abruptly, but it’s shop rules.”

“No no, it’s fine! I understand.” George said, draining the rest of the liquid and setting the cup to the side. “Sorry for breaking the rules and all that.”

“No prob, you didn’t know. I’m totally gonna give Karl a proper talking to later though. He should’ve told you.” Sapnap clicked his tongue.

“Have fun with that,” George said with a grin, “With his... kinks... and everything.”

“Oh *god*, don’t get me started on that!” Sapnap groaned as George giggled, “Do you know how hard it is to reprimand that man? Every time I tell him off on a late return he goes all ‘*Oh Sapdaddy you’re so hot when you’re mad ahhh!*’ Fucking *hell!*” he exclaimed.

George was bent over at the waist cackling. Sapnap pinched the bridge of his nose with a deep sigh.

“Anyway, I think I’m gonna go wash off all this pollen before it gets on another customer. You alright with sitting tight for a few minutes?”

“Ah- heh- yeah Sap, that’s fine.” George hiccuped, clutching his stomach with another giggle.

Sapnap grinned, giving him a nod. “Alright, great! I won’t be long, just relax for a while.”

“Okay.”

Sapnap ducked behind the curtain, and George was alone.

With not much to do, his eyes scanned the shop, at the multicolored tanks and the lamps on the ceiling flickering softly. The floor was a dark oak, polished from years of footsteps and sporting some rather interesting looking scrapes and burn marks. George's jeans lay discarded on the floor underneath the chair that had just been fucking his brains out about ten minutes ago. They looked torn, like they'd been split down the seams. He sighed. It was just his luck, he supposed. He'd liked that pair too.

George ran a finger along the marks beginning to blossom on his bare thighs. Thankfully, his boxers had been salvaged, so he wasn't completely naked. But where the tentacle had gripped him was becoming visible, bands of aching red stretching across his pale flesh. He pressed a thumb against them, relishing in the dull ache it brought.

He allowed his eyes to wander around the tanks again, observing them as they all waved and squirmed, entrancing and mysterious. What would it even feel like to use them? There was one that looked like a pom pom, with hundreds of tiny feelers. Or the ribbed ones, slick and bumpy. That sphere... he hadn't ever asked what that one did.

In every tank, in every container, even in the table and chairs...

Everything was a new sexual experience.

Everything different, everything new, and everything looking so damn *good*. George wanted to try them all.

His dick pressed hard against his boxers, a small stain of precum leaking through the fabric. He let out a small groan.

Sapnap said it was against the rules. It wasn't allowed in the shop. He should wait for the changing room...

But it wouldn't hurt if he just did it quickly, right?

George reached a shaking hand down to his waistband and let his dick spring back against his stomach. He huffed, biting back a frustrated moan. With little hesitation, he curled his hand around

it and started pumping feverishly. His eyes darted around the shop as he did, biting back little whines and cries. What it would be like to use them all...

The risk of being found almost made it better. The thought of someone walking through the door and finding him making him burn with embarrassment, or Sapnap coming back and seeing him like this.

Would Sapnap reprimand him? Would insults sound good on his tongue? George thought of the way he'd called Karl a whore before. He wouldn't exactly mind it being directed at himself.

Feeling the pressure begin to build in his stomach, he pumped faster, dropping his head back and allowing a small, drawn out whine to escape his throat. He thought of all those tentacles downstairs, where he hadn't been before, kept locked up and powerful enough to kill. Huge and many-limbed and enough to snap his body in half, split him open with something that would render his legs useless for weeks.

It was all there. All around him. Underneath him. Everything was just at his fingertips, and he could have all he wanted.

All he wanted...

He wanted something inside him. He clenched around nothing, the sudden realization making him feel achingly empty. But he couldn't do anything, not when Sapnap could come back at any moment. He just had to get off quick.

"C'mon, c'mon, please!"

George pleaded with himself, bucking up his hips into his hand. Just needed that release, that burst of pleasure to explode like fireworks in his veins. He would've thought that all those hours locked up in his room would make him good at getting off, but it seemed his orgasm was just beyond his reach. Like he was being edged by his own damn body. *Betrayal.*

He whined and squirmed with frustration, gripping harder, swiping over his head, furiously grabbing at his thighs and stomach, trying *everything*...

"Can I help you sir?"

George damn near felt his soul leave his body.

“*SHIT!*”

He whipped around to find a man standing behind the couch where he was sitting. He almost mistook him for Sapnap, but one look proved him wrong. The man was tall, and *attractive*, the realization of which smacked him in the face like a brick wall. Fluffy dirty blonde hair, sharp cheekbones dusted with freckles, and sharp green eyes that seemed to burn holes in him with their gaze. And a glance down his body proved he wasn't lacking in that department either, although his torso was covered with a rather large green hoodie.

And there George was. Halfway through jerking off. And some random, ridiculously attractive guy just caught him red-handed, trying to stuff his painfully hard dick back into his boxers.

“Shit, shit, fuck, I am *so* sorry, I really didn't... I mean, I wasn't-”

“It's against shop rules to pleasure yourself in the main room without special permission.” the man said with an unsettlingly calm smirk. George could've curled up and died right there.

“I'm... I'm sorry, I uh, I didn't mean to-” George stammered, trying to fish for an excuse but coming up dry. The man's stare bore into him.

“I could go get Sapnap right now. He'd probably be pretty mad, don't you think?”

George gulped.

“However,” he circled around the couch, feet making no sound on the floor. George realized he was barefoot. “Since I'm so merciful, I'll give you a choice.”

“Uhm-”

“I can help you get off,” he shrugged, “Or I can go call Sapnap.”

What the fuck?

George went red. Everything was going so fast, his brain hadn't quite caught up. He just got caught by this... strange, hot guy, who apparently had some sort of authority here, and was now... offering to get him off. To fuck him. *Who even...*

“Who are you?” George blurted out, the absurdity of the situation dropping his filter.

“Oh you really are new here aren't you? That's cute.” the man smirked, “My name's Dream. So Sapnap hasn't told you about me?”

Dream.

It clicked into place.

“So you're Dream? Sapnap's assistant?”

Dream ran his tongue along his sharp canines. “I guess you could say that.”

His tongue was *long*. Abnormally so. George couldn't help but stare, but it just seemed to keep *going*. Dream seemed to notice his glance, because he smiled and...

Holy shit.

This man was not human.

His tongue was, effectively, a tentacle, stretching out of his mouth, unnaturally long and glistening with saliva. George's jaw hung open, transfixed, as he slowly retracted it back into his mouth, licking his lips with a burning look of self-satisfaction.

“Cool, right?”

“Y-yeah...” George stammered, suddenly feeling extremely self conscious of his stare.

“So?” Dream looked at him expectantly, “Made your decision yet?”

He gulped. What could he even *do* with that thing? And what... other parts of his body were like that?

George supposed there was only one way to find out.

“Well, I mean you... you are Sapnap’s assistant.... He wouldn't be mad, or anything, right?”

Dream’s lips quirked upward. “Oh no worries, Sapnap lets me do what I want. Just think of it as... a bit of customer service.”

Something about his grin was dangerous in a way that made George want to run away, like some sort of animal instinct. But it was that same instinct that seemed to pull, magnetic. He was a bunny about to get his throat torn out by a snarling wolf, but at the same time it was a test, a gentle push reminding him that he *wasn't* fragile. And he wanted more.

“Okay.” George breathed out, “Do it.”

Break me.

Dream kept smiling that dangerous smirk.

“Good. Let me take care of you, alright?”

George nodded, and the reaction was instantaneous.

Tentacles shot from behind him, no, not behind him, from the *inside* of his hoodie, latching around his wrists and holding them high as Dream sank to his knees. George hardly had enough time to

exclaim with surprise. Rough but not uncaring hands pried his thighs apart before travelling up to his waistband and tugging with need.

“Can you lift your hips for me?” Dream asked, too gently, for someone who’s body clearly held so many secrets.

George did as he was asked, but not without another unfiltered question.

“What *are* you?”

Dream only laughed, tugging George’s boxers down his legs and letting his dick spring free. He licked his lips at the sight, eyes flicking back up to look him in the face as he slowly extended his tongue. It licked down his thigh, the wet, teasing pressure making George squirm.

“Just relax. I won’t bite.” Dream smiled against his flesh. George found that hard to believe.

His tongue flicked out again, dragging a stripe up George’s dick, ripping a moan from his throat. He braced himself for tight warmth, expecting it to curl around him, but it trailed down instead. The tendril poked experimentally at his ass, discovering, to Dream’s delight, that he was already stretched.

“Oh those mimics got you good, huh?” he drawled, pulling back with smug satisfaction at the desperate look on George’s face.

He nodded breathily. “Mhm. So fast, dunno how they even stretched me...”

“Tentacles have chemicals in their lubricants that dull pain and naturally relax your muscles.” Dream smiled, dragging a hand up his thigh, “So we can fuck you as easy as if you had a vag.”

That was... *obscenely* hot. George had to hold in a whine. Dream seemed to notice, eyebrows quirking upward in amusement.

“Alright alright, I won’t torture you anymore.” His tongue flicked out of his mouth once more, trailing wetness down the soft, bruising flesh of George’s thighs. Down, down, until he circled the

ring of muscle, piercing eyes never leaving his face, never blinking.

“Let me take care of you.”

Though his tongue may have been thin compared to what George had been taking, he couldn't help the cry that escaped his throat, thighs clenching instinctively over Dream's head. Hands shot up instinctively, *strong* hands, digging into his flesh and pulling them away from his ears. He kept them there as he went, tongue searching him, pressing up against his walls mercilessly in pursuit of what he was looking for.

George threw his head back, scrunching his eyes shut, wrists pulling against the tentacles that held him, tentacles that were *part of Dream*. What more of him was tentacles? What more could he have to surprise him?

He got his answer by looking down at Dream's hands pressed to his thighs, digging into the flesh. His hands looked normal at first, but with a closer look he saw the fingers fade from tan skin to tendrils, fast enough to miss if you blinked. They trailed up his legs, pushing them further out and leaving him feeling even more on display. Apparently it allowed him to find the angle he needed too, because his tongue immediately pressed against George's prostate.

George let out a high, uncontrollable moan before immediately trying to stifle it. He clamped his mouth shut, wishing he could put a hand in front of his face, but the tentacles around his wrists were clearly having none of it.

Dream retracted once more, and George whined at the loss.

“You can be as loud as you want, alright? Sappap isn't gonna care. I'm here now. Let me make you feel good.” Dream said, locking onto him with those intimidating eyes. George nodded, letting out a noise that resembled agreement. It was enough, and his head went back down.

This time he went right for the spot that made George's eyes roll back. And this time he didn't try to hide the embarrassingly loud cry that came from his throat, ringing off the walls and making all the tentacles in their tanks twitch with interest.

It seemed that Dream was just full of surprises, because another tentacle came from inside his hoodie, this time reaching for his dick. It curled around him like a snake, winding up and brushing over his head, which was leaking precum, tip hot and red. It moved, effectively jerking him off in a

similar way to his tentacles at home, at the same time as Dream decided to press hard against his prostate.

The stimulation was intense and mind-shattering, and something about it being *him*, someone who could talk, who seemed human, but had all these qualities of a tentacle, of something unfeeling and unthinking but so *good*. Of this hot blonde man in between his legs and giving him something he could've never imagined in his wildest dreams.

And the way that Dream never broke contact with his face, drinking in each of his reactions, his pupils blown and gaze heavy with lust. The more George reacted, the harder the pushes on his prostate came, the faster the tentacles stroked his dick, every little gasp and moan adding fuel to the fire.

The noises were obscene, a mix of sloppy and slick, split by George's high whines, now loud and uncaring, the only thing that mattered was chasing his own pleasure.

"Oh fuck Dream please I'm gonna cum!" George cried, struggling against his binds and wiggling his hips, trying to shove himself further down on his tongue.

He grinned, retracting his tongue again, holding down George's thighs as he tried to buck into the air. "Alright, alright, I'll let you go."

The tendrils encircling his wrists unwound and retreated back into Dream's hoodie, one caressing his cheek on the way. In its place, however, erupted a large, pillowlike tentacle, making George yelp in surprise.

Dream smiled. "No worries, it won't hurt you. Hold onto that when you cum."

Giving the tentacle a tentative poke and finding it pleasantly soft, George wrapped his arms around it as Dream dove back in, now more aggressive than ever. He pressed his cheek into the comforting flesh, pulling it tight to his body as the sensations built in his stomach, boiling and blossoming with intense heat. And all the while, he never stopped, never stuttered, pace consistent, brutal, deliberate. Dream knew what he was doing.

Dream knew.

As the wave reached its breaking point, as the sparks exploded beneath George's fiercely shut eyes, he cried out, tears pricking and body rushing with sensations. He came hard, grinding down on his tongue, cum spilling over the tendrils wrapped around his dick and spurting onto Dream's face.

Dream pulled him through it with care, swiping soothing strokes down his thighs as he shivered and sobbed. When he grew still and his breathing had slowed, Dream extracted his tongue, licking it across his face and collecting all the cum that had spilled over his nose bridge and cheeks. George watched heatedly as he took it all back into his mouth, swallowing and licking his lips.

"Mmm. You taste good. No wonder all the tentacles like you so much." Dream hummed.

George flushed red and opened his mouth to respond, but the rustling of fabric turned both their heads.

"Oh. My. God."

For the third time that day, second time by Sapnap, George had been caught with his dick out. The dark haired man stood in the doorway, observing the situation with an exhausted frown, arms weighted down with three large buckets of what looked like orange slime.

"Oh Sapnap! I was just finishing up.... some... customer service!" Dream said with a grin, standing and dusting off his knees. George shakily tucked his slick and cum covered dick back into his boxers, mortified.

"Dream, I told you to take the customers to a *fucking changing room*. How would've it reflected on our business if someone came in here and saw you two?" Sapnap snaps, dropping the buckets on the counter with a clang. "George... I see you two have been introduced. This is my assistant Dream, whom you've *apparently* just gotten head from."

"Oh you're George, huh? Nice." Dream grinned at him.

He could've curled up and died from embarrassment. Sapnap had just walked in on him, getting fucked by his *assistant* who *didn't even know his name*.

"Yes you horny mess of octopi. That's our new customer. Not like you exactly cared to find out,

did you?” Sapnap chastised. Dream’s cocky grin faded slightly.

“I- I’m sorry,” George mumbled to no one in particular, face burning.

“It’s fine, it’s fine. Not your fault George, you’re new to all this.” Sapnap huffed, waving his hand dismissively. His clear annoyance only served to feed the flame of shame in his gut.

“Yeah George, don’t worry!” Dream patted him on the shoulder. He tried to not think about how nice his name sounded when Dream said it.

“Actually, this works out fine, since you’re apparently quite acquainted now.” Sapnap sighed deeply, snapping on a pair of alarmingly thick rubber gloves. “Dream, would you take George down to a changing room now that you’re done? He’s got a few tentacles he wants to try, and I’ve got work to do.”

“Oh, of course,” Dream purrs, “I was planning on it anyway.”

Clearly his day was far from over.

Dream’s presence near him was somehow both threatening and incredibly alluring. Yes, he was attractive, and yes, he was tall, but it wasn’t those things plaguing George’s mind. It was the knowledge that this man held tens of hundreds of different varieties of tentacles inside his body, ready to appear at a moment’s notice. The fact that he looked just like someone George might pass on the street and perhaps think about later while he daydreamed during his lunch break, someone completely normal. But Dream was certainly not normal.

George knew that.

Dream knew that.

And that’s what was threatening.

George gulped as the creaky elevator ground to a stop and the gates opened to reveal a stone-tiled hallway, lined with doors and illuminated with lanterns similar to the shop above. It looked sweet, comfortable, like an inn or a hotel. He supposed that was why it was built that way. He wondered who had designed the building in the first place, how Sapnap or Dream had even ended up here.

“Alright, just follow me George, there’s an empty room right down the hall.” Dream gave him a reassuring grin. It made his eyes scrunch in a disarmingly cute way. George had to remind himself that this was a monster he was dealing with here.

As the pair made their way down the hall, George trailed his finger along the wall, noting all the different textures and materials of the doors. Each seemed to be labeled with a stamped metal plaque sporting the room number and occasionally an odd sounding name. George supposed some of these served as holding cells or tanks for some of those stronger tentacles he was told about.

He had opened his mouth to ask Dream when an unearthly sounding moan came from the teal door they had just passed. Dream didn’t even react, but George jumped, yelping with surprise.

“What the hell was that?”

Dream turned, smiling. “Oh that was Mr. Jacobs if I’m not mistaken. He’s in that particular room a whole lot, so I wouldn’t be too surprised.”

The sound happened again, high pitched, strangled, and broken. George’s jaw dropped.

“That was... Karl?”

“Oh sure. You can take a peek if you want. He’s told us that he doesn’t mind being watched.” Dream said, gesturing to the metal slat at the top of the door, clearly meant to be seen through.

The memory of Karl watching with bated breath as George was sucked in by that mimic was still fresh in his mind, and he figured some payback wouldn’t hurt. He swallowed. And maybe he just wanted to see what was causing him to make all that... *noise* .

“Well I mean... I guess...” George said tentatively, shuffling up to the door and bending to look

through the tiny window. Dream let out a small chuckle.

What he saw was... indescribable.

Karl's body seemed to be entirely covered in tentacles, all writhing and stretching and twisting so only a few small slivers of pale skin could be seen through the multicolored limbs. The mass dripped with slick and a large tentacle was being thrust into his ass with ferocity. He was almost scared it would split the man in two, but clearly not, as his broken moans of pleasure only intensified as he shook and struggled against the tendrils.

George came away from the door with a red face and a significantly harder dick.

"Like what you see, huh?"

"Yeah." George breathed.

"Well, let's get you down to your room then, alright?" Dream said, his smile curving into a predatory expression as he patted George on the shoulder. It sent an excited shiver down his spine.

With Dream taking the lead once more, they made their way down the hallway. His bare feet made no noise on the floor, in sharp contrast to George's sneakers squeaking and tapping in the eerie silence.

They reached a room at the end of the hall with a blue painted wooden door, stamped plaque reading *Room 404 - Vacant*. Dream extracted a key from the folds of his hoodie and unlocked it with practiced ease, motioning for George to enter.

"Here we are. Make yourself at home, George."

The door swung open revealing a simple, mostly empty room. Lights installed into the ceilings, the same stone floor as the hallway outside. Clean, sterile looking walls and a large bed fitted with a sheet. The details all clicking in his head, George realized this wasn't at all for aesthetics, but instead for ease of use, for the bed to be easily changed, for the floors to be easily washed. For the... ceiling lights not to be knocked out. He shivered. Would he ever use something that strong or powerful?

He hoped so.

Dream cleared his throat, closing the door behind him. “Since this is your first time, I’ll give you the basic explanation of how this works.” George nodded. “So, rules. No recording devices allowed, it’s recommended you leave your valuables upstairs where they won’t be harmed. Tentacles must be approved by either Sapnap or me before you bring them down here. Do you follow me?”

George nodded feverishly. Dream clicked his tongue.

“Words please. That’s important.”

“Sorry.” George mumbled, heat curling in his stomach. “Yes. I am.”

“Good.” He smiled, pleased. “Continuing from that, this door will be locked while the room is in use. However, if you’re alright with being watched, we can leave that little slat open. How do you feel about that, George?”

The thought of being watched, even by Karl like earlier, made his face burn with embarrassment. He supposed it might be hot on some level, but he wasn’t exactly sure he was ready for that yet.

“No. At least not for now I think.” George said, rubbing his wrists together absentmindedly.

“Alright, that’s fine. Most customers aren’t, so no worries.” Dream counted off on his fingers silently, checking a mental list. “Okay, there’s a button here by the door. You can press this to call me or Sapnap down at any time if needed. I doubt you’ll be needing it though, George. You’ve cum what, twice today? It’s impressive that you’re still able to walk, even with all those aphrodisiacs. That takes strength. I’m sure you’ll do great here.” he said with a soft smile.

If George wasn’t red before, he straight up blushed at that. The compliment was odd but *god* it was intoxicating coming from Dream’s mouth. He wanted to hear more. It was terribly stupid but he swore there must be magic in the way his voice sounded. It was like a drug he had suddenly been hooked on.

“Oh you like praise, don't you?” Dream purred, “I’ll keep that in mind. Only a few more things left to tell you, alright?”

George nodded, face burning.

“Words for me, please.”

“Okay. Uhm, yes...?” he mumbled sheepishly. The room seemed warm, and his head spun.

It was clearly enough for Dream though, because he nodded and continued. “Good. Well, I’ll be helping you out today. It’s better that way so I can make sure nothing goes wrong, alright?”

“O-Oh. Uh... alright.” George stumbled over his words.

“No need to be embarrassed. I’ve already made you cum once today haven’t I?” Dream said, voice too gentle for the things he was implying. “I think you can handle a few more.”

His head screamed ‘*Please!*’ and so did his dick, but his lips couldn't seem to move right, his brain a swirling fuzzy mess. George found himself unable to speak, the only thing in his mind and on his tongue was the thought of getting fucked until he passed out.

Dream noticed his struggle with concern. “Are you alright? I mean, of course you don’t have to, you can call it quits whenever. We take customer satisfaction really seriously here, so if you need out you can always say-”

“No! No, I'm fine. I’m fine. I do. I mean, I do want it.” George stammered, trying to collect his scattered thoughts and force out a coherent sentence. “My brain’s all fucked up ‘n I don’t know why it is but I want it, and I’m sure. Um. Please?”

Dream’s face morphed from mild alarm back to it’s normal pleased smugness. Stupidly attractive. “Hey, that’s alright. I’ll take care of you good, I promise.” Taking a couple steps closer, he rolled up his sleeves, exposing his freckled forearms. They looked normal, like human flesh, but George knew better than to trust their appearance. “It’s normal to go nonverbal in situations like this, so just make sure you alert me by tapping me or hitting me. Do you have a safeword system you’d like to use, George?”

“I’m fine with the normal stuff. Red yellow green.” George said, fiddling with the hem of his shirt.

“Alright. If you feel like you can’t talk, one tap means yes and two taps mean no, okay? Can you do that for me?”

His voice was enticing, a siren's song in the crashing swarming mess of George’s brain. He clung to it like a lifeline, despite what danger might have lied on the other side. He didn’t care. “Yes, I can, now *please* just *fuck me*. ”

“Well when you say it like that...” Dream chuckled lightly, tongue briefly flicking out of his mouth like a snake, “How could I possibly resist?”

Something he was forgetting. *Something... something...*

“Tentacles.” George blurted dumbly before backtracking immediately, “I mean, not like, you I mean, I mean the tentacles. The ones I was supposed to bring down here, I forgot them, um...”

“Oh George, look.” Dream brought a hand out to his chin and tilted it down to look at his hoodie, which he lifted to expose his stomach. His breath caught in his throat as he saw the flesh move, twist, and then *break*, erupting in multicolored tendrils shedding their human disguise. “I bring them with me, George. My whole body. Everything you want, everything you could desire. It’s all in here.”

“How... how do you even...” George stammered. He supposed it was similar to how the mimics had imitated wood, but the pure existence of such a thing had him painfully curious.

“Sapnap made me to be this way, George. But I can tell you about that later. Now, no need to worry your pretty self with questions, hm?” Dream stroked George’s arms, a tentacle from his stomach lifting the hem of his shirt. “Let me take care of you.”

The touch was wonderful and comforting and George pressed into it with a shiver, leaning into Dream’s chest. The familiar feeling of slick tendrils wrapping around his arms, around his body, setting his nerves on fire and he let out a heavy breath, panting into the fabric of his hoodie. He felt hands around his waist and he was suddenly being lifted, placed gently on the edge of the bed. He whined, pawing at the tentacles on his arms, but not for escape.

It was that familiar feeling. The feeling like he was being treated like something fragile. Something glass, something breakable. He didn't want gentle, *fuck* gentle, he wanted to be snapped in half. It was the whole damn reason he came back. But with his mouth seemingly losing its ability to form words, he found himself in frustrating limbo.

"Just relax, George. Relax for me." Dream whispered, his tentacles pushing the hem of his shirt up to expose his chest and pulling down his ruined boxers.

Lazy submissiveness giving in, George tried his best to soften his tensed muscles, letting his eyes flutter shut and the fast huffs of breath even as the fabric was tugged off him, along with his sneakers. He sniffled as his shirt was pushed over his head and tangled in his arms.

"George. Eyes open."

Dream's image swam back into his vision, now shirtless and standing over him. His entire chest was visible now, the parts of his muscle breaking off into multicolor tendrils, writhing like snakes in the air. His lips were parted, and his tongue ran absentmindedly across his teeth as he took in the sight of George's body.

"Well aren't you a sight." he whistled. The tentacles stroked at George's sides, making him shiver and pant. "I've seen and fucked many bodies, you know. But every time, it never fails to amaze me how beautiful they are. And you're no exception."

The words struck him with unexpected potency, the sentiment so sweet and so intimate that he nearly forgot where he was. What *this* was.

"Really?" He forced the word out with some effort.

Dream smiled. "You humans are so peculiar. So pretty, so interesting. I always find things to like about you all. Like you, for example. You blush all over your cheeks and down your chest, and your skin is so smooth. You have bruises, small ones, I'd assume from the other tentacles. You've got lovely hands, pretty lips. Your waist is thin, I feel like I could snap your back. But at the same time I want to. I wonder what else you have for me. I wonder what you'll feel like when I *really* wreck you."

As if he hadn't already been struggling, George found himself at a complete loss for words, the

pure praise and admiration short-circuiting his brain. And by *god*, all he wanted was what Dream's words had promised.

He threaded a tentacle through his fingers and tapped once, face burning and eyes pleading.

Dream understood.

Of course he did.

"Alright. I'm gonna restrain you, but it's just so you don't accidentally hurt yourself." George felt the familiar sensation of limbs closing around his wrists. He didn't fight it.

"Tap if you're comfortable, George," Dream said in his seductive purr. A tap was immediately delivered and he nodded with satisfaction. "Good boy. Let's take care of your dick now, alright?"

Dream produced a long, tubelike tentacle from his back. It curled through the air nimbly, before hovering itself over George's drooling cock.

"Just remember to tap twice if you need an out, alright?" Dream reminded him gently, before snapping his fingers and causing the tentacle to descend, surrounding his dick in warm suction.

It was fast, sudden, and so incredibly good. He felt overstimulated and deprived all at once and he thrust up madly, a punched out moan escaping his throat. It felt like getting a blowjob, minus the teeth and the mild awkwardness. And holy *fuck*, he needed it. But now more than ever, with the sparks of pleasure rushing through his veins once more, he wanted to get his ass fucked. *Hard*.

With no way of coherently explaining what he wanted, George let out a frustrated yelp and closed his eyes, preparing himself for a long wait. But somehow, in some way, Dream seemed to know. He felt a light brush against his rim and he moaned accordingly, hoping it would encourage whatever it was to just *fuck him already!* Infuriatingly, he seemed to enjoy the noise a bit too much, because he held out, tracing his rim with teasing strokes.

"These are feelers. They aren't big, but they're strong, and they can stimulate you easily, even without stretching you," Dream explained, "And don't hold back any of your pretty noises, okay? Cum at any time, yell and moan all you want. I want to feel you, George." his voice rumbled.

He knew he wasn't expecting an answer, but George tapped once for yes anyway. Dream chuckled.

Finally, he had something, even though the sensation was barely detectable when the first feeler breached his ass. But that soon changed. At first it was small, just slight pressure on his walls, then the movement. It felt like tiny fingers, stroking him from the inside. It was odd but undeniably addicting, not entirely feeling filled, but having sensations like he was. And that was before they found his prostate. At the first brush George's head flew back, gasping incoherencies. The stimulation was direct, deliberate, and insanely powerful, utterly mind-shattering.

Dream produced more tentacles, thick, soft limbs that wrapped around his thighs and waist, drawing them ever closer together, hugging him. It was comforting, grounding in the way that there was someone here who could think and feel and make sure he was alright. It was the feeling of being handled like he was precious and being shattered until unrecognizable.

And it seemed he wasn't the only one getting off on it. Dream's face was blissful, eyelids drooping and his tongue flicking over his lips. He had to remind himself that all the tentacles were a part of him.

It was different than getting fucked by the mimic. Despite the sensations being similar, the restraints and mindbreaking dual stimulation, the other tentacles had felt detached. Inhuman. He supposed that's because they were. Tentacles were, essentially, sex toys, tools that one could use to get off. But this... this was entirely new.

As the sensations built and the tentacles squeezed tighter around him, George began to cry, body wracked with sobs and moans that echoed off the walls. And then, the unexpected. *Dream moaned with him*, breath coming in blissed out huffs. And *fuck*, that sent him over the edge.

George spilled into the tube tentacle with a choked scream, his orgasm shaking his entire body with force. He wanted to make words, describe how good it felt, tell Dream how much he loved it, but all that came out was a desperate string of incoherent syllables. He was stroked through it with care, the tendrils milking him for all he was worth.

Dream's tongue extended once more, dragging a stripe up his cheek to collect the fallen tears. In any normal circumstance, George would've thought that was gross. But this was anything but normal.

"God you're delicious. So fucking good, George, you could never understand..." Dream trailed

off, sucking his tongue back into his mouth with a lick of his lips.

And in some way he was right. George didn't understand how his tears or his cum could possibly taste good. But he found it hot nonetheless.

The tentacle was removed from his dick and he whined at the drag. He was shocked to find himself sucked dry, not a trace of cum left on himself. He supposed Dream really meant what he said about being delicious. George began to relax as the tendrils extracted themselves from his ass. Surrendering himself to the tentacles that held him tight, letting his body go limp like a ragdoll, breathing still coming rushed and heavy.

Then something bigger thrust in and he nearly blacked out.

"I can't let you get away with only one orgasm now, can I George?" Dream breathed, sounding desperate but yet still so fucking *smug*, his smirk audible through his voice. "That would be bad for my reputation."

George wanted, so fucking *badly* wanted to come up with some sort of response to his words, and yet, his tongue still fell limp, a broken sob forcing its way through his throat. He clenched down on the tentacle in his ass hard, feeling it press against his prostate with force.

"George I need to- *fuck*- to check in, tap me, please." Dream's voice wavered. George tapped once almost immediately. He let out a breathy laugh at the eager response. "Good. Let's see if we can get another one out of you, huh?"

And then the tentacle thrust, in time with the ones wrapped around his body tightening, sharp burns of pain blossoming on his thighs and wrists. He knew it was going to bruise, he knew he wouldn't be able to walk the next day, and god, he loved it.

Wanted it.

Needed it.

Needed the tentacle's branding marks, the symbol of having fucked a monster.

The overstimulation was painful, hyper awareness of every part of his skin overwhelming his senses and making his head spin. But even through it all, he wanted more, desperately wanted more, needing everything Dream could possibly give him.

The tentacles hugged him close, possessive, holding up his limp body as he was fucked into viciously. And it was then when hands, not tentacles, but *hands* , dragged across his chest, brushing his nipples and making him whine. And while he knew they weren't truly human, the feeling of skin on skin was just the thing he needed to bring together the cacophony of sensations rushing over his body.

George's back arched, the tentacle in his ass thrusting harder and harder, slamming into his prostate until he was drooling and screaming. Some vague part of his brain recalled what Karl had said about the mimics. Being fucked until you pass out, fucked until you can't tell your up from your down. And while his time with the mimic had been cut short, he felt he was still getting what he'd been promised.

Lewd, slick noises filled the air of the small room, accompanied by broken sobs and breathy huffs. The sound was music to Dream's ears, his grip on George tightening incrementally with each thrust of his tentacle. The limbs wrapped around him and hugged him closer, bringing him into his chest until they were touching.

The tentacles lifted George, tilting his limp body so he could be thrust into upwards, impaling him from below. Dream's still-human hands went around his waist, holding him in place as their breath mixed in exertion and moans. A faint part of George's brain wished Dream would kiss him. But he knew that wouldn't happen.

"Close yet?" Dream's voice was close now, rumbling in his ear, and he tapped once with as much force as he could muster. He could feel the wave of pleasure building in his veins, begging to explode with heat once more.

Every thrust was fire in his core, hitting his prostate with vicious ease, never once missing. His sweat and slick covered skin was red with exertion, eyes scrunched tight and mouth open. He couldn't control the sounds coming out of him as he barreled fast towards his second orgasm.

"You're doing so good George. Look at you, so fucking pretty huh?" Dream whispered, stroking his sides with his thumbs. The praise only added to the tsunami of sensation, making his head buzz. The word repeated itself in his head, *pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty...*

One more thrust was all it took for George to go spiralling over the edge once more, sobbing and

screaming as he came dry. His body shook and his back arched harshly, the primal reaction startling and mind-shattering. It took over him completely, falling onto Dream's chest with the slap of skin against skin. Again, he pulled him through, stroking his back and muttering praise into his ear with that stupidly attractive voice of his.

The last thing George remembered as his vision went from blurry to dark was the tentacles retracting and the hands around him pulling him in close...

Then it all went blank.

"So let me get this right." Sapnap sighed, clearly exasperated. "You took the shop car to drive George home without my permission? And what exactly made you think this was okay?" He ground into the mortar he stood in front of with force.

"He walked here, Sap! And he was delirious, he passed out!" Dream exclaimed, folding his arms across his chest defiantly.

Karl gasped. "George passed out? What the hell did you even do to him! You know he's new, right? You usually don't go that hard on the new people!"

"Oh so now you're attacking me too?" Dream said sarcastically, raising his eyebrow. "Lovely to see I have absolutely no allies here. I'll tell all the tentacles to avoid your prostate next time."

"No no no, not attacking you, *please* don't!" Karl pleaded immediately, making Dream wheeze. Sapnap groaned loudly, dropping the pestle with a clatter.

"God you two are insufferable. Remind me to pick up noise cancelling headphones the next time I go shopping. Horny bastards."

"Okay hypocrite. I know for a fact you did a check in today. You are far from innocent here." Dream said, flicking an energy drink tab back and forth between his fingers absentmindedly. Karl always seemed to leave them wherever he went.

“You did!! You literally came back into the shop with pollen on you!” Karl joined in, “Poor George!”

“Don’t ‘Poor George’ me assholes! You’re both responsible for his state today, and you know it!” Sapnap snapped, turning around from his counter with hands on his hips and affixing both men with a glare enough to cut glass.

“Whatever. You love us.” Dream said, returning the harsh gaze with lazy smugness. Karl giggled from his spot on the couch.

Sapnap sighed with defeat. “I do. Quite unfortunately.” He scooped the contents of the mortar into a small cloth bag, knotting it with ease. “Here’s your herbs, Jacobs. Don’t use too much at once.”

“Thank you Sappy!” Karl drawled, standing and taking the bag from him with glee. “I love you too.”

“Yeah yeah, sure Jacobs. Now get out of my shop, it’s past my dinnertime and you’re encouraging Dream.” Sapnap slapped him on the back.

“Alright, alright, bye bye guys.” Karl swung open the door with a jingle and saluted them jokingly.

“Stay safe! Don’t get murdered!” Dream called after him, earning a shove on the arm from Sapnap. “*Hey, what?!* ”

“Fuck off!” And the door swung shut.

“You’re still not off the hook, Dream,” Sapnap clicked his tongue. “We still need to talk about the George situation.”

Dream stuck out his tongue, extending it purposefully. “Aw, come on, can’t I make it up to you some other way?” His words were saturated with his intent and he lowered his eyelids lustfully. Any weaker person might have crumbled where they stood, but Sapnap just rolled his eyes and smacked him upside the head.

“Not tonight you fucking asshole. I’m not gonna give in that goddamn easily. Go drive back to George’s place if you’re still horny.”

“Wait, can I?”

“Fuck no!!”

Chapter End Notes

Okayyyy so that was that monstrosity.... I hope it was worth the wait and I hope you all enjoyed! This is the most love I've ever gotten on a fic before and I'm simply so grateful! You guys are SERIOUSLY awesome! And also, if your own mental health isn't doing so great, don't beat yourself up, and try to give yourself a break once and awhile!

As always, if you enjoyed please leave a comment or a kudos, it always brightens up my day.

Okay small edit because I forgot to include some stuff:

First of all, I acknowledge that the events and the sex here might be a little far fetched because of all the tentacle business. Anal sex requires proper prep, and not everyone has magical tentacle lube!!

Second, here's the link to the doujinshi volume inspiring this chapter! I super reccomend you go check it out, I based Dream's character on Shogo and she's super cool! <https://nhentai.net/g/238406/>

Love you all dearly! Monsterfucker power!!!

Euphoria

Chapter Summary

Having frequented the shop now for a couple months, Sapnap confronts George for help with a particular problem.

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT UPDATE BEFORE READING:

The following notes are outdated. I'm deeply sorry to those of you who have enjoyed my series, but it will be coming to a close here. I have my own reasons for conclusion, but I'm deeply happy that you've all enjoyed this series so much. So, I leave it open to you. If you'd like to write something in this universe or inspired by my works, be my guest. I'm always happy to see what you come up with. Thank you for everything, and I hope my tentacles give you as much joy as they've given me.

Much love,
Blackberry

(this will be repeated again in the end notes)

ONCE AGAIN I AM NOT DEAD! I AM ALIVE! WOOOO CHAPTER 4!

And yes, yes, you saw those chapter numbers right. This will be the final section of Sapnap's Tentacle Shop. HOWEVER! It is not yet the end of the story! I have a bunch of ideas for spicy oneshots as a part of this universe still, but they'll be easier for me to complete and far less stressful. So this is not your last taste of my AU, and I am far from finished with my tentacle shop boys!

This. Chapter. Gave. Me. Hell. But it was so totally worth it. And it ended up being FAR longer than I intended since the doujin volume it's based on is quite more detailed this time. But the longer the better, amiright ahaha ;)

And an especially huge thank you to [Joie aka the CEO of Velvetfrost brainrot](#) for beta reading this chapter, they're one of my biggest cheerleaders and I wouldn't be where I am without them <3

Without any further delays, please enjoy chapter 4, and I'll see you all at the end!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As George was lying on his bathroom floor, wiping his own cum off his stomach, he found himself missing Dream.

It was like the difference between using a sex toy and getting laid by someone who really knew what they were doing. Sure, the tentacles were wonderful, spectacular. They got the job done better than anything he'd ever tried before. But Dream... Dream was different.

George had found himself returning to the shop often, telling himself it was to check in with Sapnap, return his rentals, or buy something new. But every visit always ended the same, back in changing room number 404 getting his guts rearranged by a certain tentacle monster.

He'd had his fair amount of purchases of course. So much so that he'd bought three tanks off Sapnap for storage, and they now lined his bedroom wall, often occupied by colorful, wiggling limbs. He'd also found that his bathtub, while uncomfortable, was much easier to clean than his bed. He's spent too many nights wiping down the crinkly plastic cover on his mattress or washing out his slick-soaked sheets.

Yes, it was work, taking care of the tentacles, making sure to return them on time, dealing with the clean up. But every new one he tried was a new experience, something he'd never tried before. Whether they were similar or completely unique, they were always able to fuck him till his eyes rolled back in his head and his nerves screamed with pleasure. It was exhausting, but so very worth it.

But not as worth it as going to the shop.

Nothing was as good as going to the shop.

And *god*, George hated himself for craving this man so badly. *Man? Monster? Creature?* He wasn't exactly sure. All he knew was that Dream was like a drug he couldn't get enough of. After a couple months of frequenting the shop, he knew all his right spots, always knew what to say to make him fall apart between thick fleshy tendrils. It was downright infuriating.

Sure, George knew it was his literal *job* to have tentacle sex with customers on the daily. But that just made it all the more infuriating .

He cast a glance over at the now sleeping tentacle in his bathtub. It had been good. Interesting. It was medium sized and a striking pink, with a long tendril that could *vibrate* and hit his prostate just right, while also wrapping around his dick like a rudimentary handjob. It was like something he would usually do to himself with a normal toy, except hands free. Objectively great.

He still missed Dream.

Finding himself sufficiently cleaned, he grabbed the edge of his sink to boost him off the floor. Flipping on the faucet and tossing the dirty washcloth to the side, he ran his hands under cool water, relishing the feeling across his hot, sticky palms. Seeing his reflection in the mirror was a bit of a shock, his red flushed face and chest highly obvious, hair mussed and tangled on the side that had pressed into hard porcelain.

“Pretty whore.” He could imagine the low, whispered words in his ear, *“Look at yourself. Not even satisfied after one tentacle huh?”*

George quickly splashed his face with the cold water, searing on the heat of his cheeks. *Fucking hell.*

He couldn't get Dream out of his head. Every touch brushed on his arm by a flirty bookstore customer, every stroke he gave himself at night, every enrapturing paragraph in his discounted collection of erotica novels from his job. All saturated with the sound of his voice and the feeling, the memory of tanned skin mixed with multicolored tentacles.

George had tried to get someone different, someone to take his mind off it. Some tall man with fluffy hair and high cheekbones with a similar accent to his own had approached him in the bookstore the other day, with an awkward, sweet air but clear intent. He'd gotten his number. They'd texted back and forth, and George had almost invited him over before remembering the tanks filled with erotic eldritch horrors that he simply couldn't just brush off as exotic pets.

He'd pretty much ghosted him after that.

Later he considered that he could've just asked to go to the man's flat instead, but he dismissed the idea quickly, knowing it would be the same thing that always happened.

He'd get praised, petted, told he was pretty. Touched gingerly, promised gentleness. *Fuck gentle.* And whenever he asked for harder it would just go *fast*, impersonal, detached, and more lifeless, even, than the tentacles he fucked himself with every night.

George stood back, running a hand over his arms, his ribs, his waist. Was he really that fragile looking? He didn't think so. He was slim, pretty, but not like the delicate, innocent caricature that

most seemed to form in their head. Like if they so much as touched him wrong he'd shatter like a glass figurine. *God*. Infuriating.

He squeezed his hips harder, imagining large, freckled hands there instead of his own slender ones. Hands that weren't afraid to push and pull and give him what he wanted. Trained them up his chest, desperately trying to imitate the feeling of long tendrils drawing teasing circles over his flesh. Encircled his neck, looking at his wide eyed reflection, pupils blown and mouth open with breathy pants. His hips pushed into the air weakly, rutting against nothing.

Fuck, what the hell was he even doing?

George dropped his hands to his sides immediately, scrunching them into harsh fists and biting his bottom lip. His eyes brimmed with tears of frustration, the full force of his emotions crashing into him as the effects of his post orgasm high began to crumble. For a second, he *felt* inferior, small, ready to shatter. And the worst part was, he didn't quite know why.

As he turned away from the mirror with a huff and knelt in front of his bathtub, he tried to run down the list of things that might be getting on his nerves. Obviously Dream, but at the end of the day Dream was *good*. Dream was fine. He hefted the pink mass of tentacles against his chest and stood.

Maybe his stressful week at work. Quackity, the shop's owner, had just gotten a new shipment of books and half the boxes got completely mixed up. Almost every employee had been lightly irritable all week over the tedious sorting they had to do. Even Quackity himself had been uptight, the man's usual jokes and laughter replaced with a stress that seemed to infect everyone around him.

Carefully sliding open one of the glass tanks in his bedroom, George laid the dozing tentacle inside with a light stroke to its smooth skin.

Maybe it was the call he'd gotten from his mom back in the UK, a quite angry one at that, demanding he come back soon because his family missed him. He didn't really have any real issues with his family, but it wasn't something he wanted to do anytime soon. He liked it here, liked his old small town and his new tentacle shop friends and the romantic style buildings and his bookstore job. Something about flying back made George feel just... wrong.

He sighed, closing the tank quietly. It was late. He should probably just go to sleep. Emotions were too hard to work through while sleep deprived and horny.

Flipping off his lights, he collapsed onto his bed with a huff, rubbing his eyes. He blinked blearily at the time on his alarm clock. 2:37 AM. *Great.* At least it was Friday, George thought. Only one more day of waking up for early shifts and then the whole weekend to sleep to his heart's content.

Plus. Work ended at 12 on Fridays.

Which meant he could go to the shop and fuck all his stress away until his body went numb.

George took a deep breath and pulled the covers over his body, pulling a pillow into his chest and hugging it tightly. He let himself smile a bit, enjoying the soft warmth. And as he closed his eyes and allowed sleep to take him, he imagined what it would be like if Dream was sleeping there next to him.

The street was picturesque as the bookshop door shut behind George. The blossoming trees lining the sidewalks were raining pink petals down on passersby in the gentle breeze. A breath of crisp, spring air brought the scent of flowers to his nose, and he grinned brightly, taking a second to admire his surroundings. It was really a lovely day to end off his week, and it seemed things were finally looking up.

The book-sorting issue had been resolved after tedious weeks of hauling hard-cover stacks. Every volume was now on its proper shelf, stamped, priced, and ready for purchase. Quackity had even given him and his coworkers a mid-morning break, allowing him to escape to his favorite corner and check out all the new releases. He had wondered if he should get some books for his friends in the tentacle shop, before deciding against it. He didn't really know them well enough yet.

Did Dream read?

What kind of books would they all like, George wondered.

Karl might have interest in his own guilty pleasure fantasy erotica. He certainly seemed the type to enjoy such things, evidenced by his infatuation with the monsters of the shop and frequent whorish behavior. Sappnap seemed more of an action-drama person, wanting something fast paced and exciting. Through conversations over tea and late nights in the shop with the trio's company, George had learned about his many interests. Impressive ones, like axe throwing and potion

brewing and archery. He'd certainly want a book that would tell an interesting story.

But Dream... he thought Dream might be the type to enjoy Greek literature and complicated poetry. To appreciate the intricacies of old language and find special meanings between the lines. A lover of myths and lore and pantheons, cracked leather and well-loved pages. To be a reader of something just as exquisite as himself.

God, he wanted to smack himself. His infatuation was a curse. Maybe it was all those aphrodisiacs getting to his head.

As George reached the end of 5th Avenue, he took a deep breath, steeling his rather annoying nerves. He felt sweaty, jumpy, awfully like his first visit. But this wasn't anything big, nothing truly unusual. Well, not unusual for his standards. It was just a regular visit, to browse the selection and see his friends. Likely hook up with Dream once again. Nothing out of the ordinary.

He wrung his hands and discreetly as he could, trying to let out some of his excess energy, rolling his shoulders and shaking his head. Then, with one last stabilizing breath, he swung open the door.

"GEORGE!!"

An extremely flustered Sapnap came barreling across the floor as soon as he set foot over the threshold. Hands gripped George's shoulders with startling force and he exclaimed loudly, back slamming into hard wood.

"Fucking *shit*, sorry George, *please!* I need your help, I need to leave, like, *now!*" Sapnap cried incoherently, shaking him with force.

"Wha- *Fuck is going on!?*" George yelled, trying to shake him off, his heart thumping like a rabbit.

"Auction." came Dream's contrastingly calm voice as he ducked from under the back curtain, "Sapnap needs to leave and apparently *I'm* not responsible enough to run the shop on my *own*." he scoffed, crossing his arms.

"Running the shop is a two person job, Dream, you *know* this. And I'm not trusting you after you stole shop car for the *third fucking time this month* to go buy the local horny Jacobs a goddamn

pizza! *With no pepperoni!* ” Sappnap shouted over his shoulder before turning back around. “Anyway, my point is, I usually get the local horny Jacobs to watch the shop for me, but he’s not around today and now you’re here so uh... please?”

George’s brain spun, the details and ambush far too overwhelming. “Uh... can I just... sit down first?”

“Yeah, yeah, sorry, of course.” Sappnap sighed and let go of his shoulders, motioning to the couch. George shakily peeled himself from the door and sat with a huff, glad to finally rest after his morning of strenuous sorting.

“That’s certainly some way to greet someone,” Dream chuckled. He was carrying a comically large metal briefcase, complete with latches and a combination lock, that he placed gingerly at Sappnap’s feet. “Care to explain to George what’s going on here?”

“Yeah um, I’d like to have some clarification.” George agreed, “You said... you needed to go somewhere?”

Sappnap scratched his head sheepishly. “Yup. High level auction. It starts 20 minutes from now and I need to get there as soon as possible to put in my bid. They’ve got an incredibly rare species I’ve never had in the shop before, I *seriously* need to have it. It’s got some sort of insane aphrodisiac that can make you cum within minutes of contact. Plus these auctions barely ever happen anyway, since there’s not many people who are... like us.... So it’s important I go to every single one I can. Especially since tentacle markets aren’t the most kind to their specimens. It deserves a good home.”

“And he usually gets Karl to watch over the shop for him, but as he said, he’s out of town this week...” Dream trailed off, flopping down next to George. He was immediately alert at his closeness.

What the hell was wrong with his head?! This man had literally fucked him multiple times, touched him, called him a filthy slut. And here George was getting worked up over their knees brushing while they sat. *Seriously pathetic.*

“But you’re here now, so here I am, currently begging you to watch the shop for me so I can drop half our budget bidding on a rare tentacle.” Sappnap hefted the massive briefcase for emphasis. “Uh. Please?”

“We’ll pay you,” Dream added with a charming grin, “Or, at least Sapnap will.”

George perked up at that. Extra cash would be *great*. Especially if that meant more tentacle purchases.

“How much are we talking?”

“100 bucks for the day. Or anything you want from the shop for free.” Sapnap said quickly.

Anything he wanted from the shop... *for free*. He didn't exactly have anything planned that day, other than getting a certain man to fuck him and indulging in more shitty erotica. And despite his tiredness from working at the bookstore it wouldn't even be that bad. Just half a day of hanging out with Dream and looking at tentacles. *Alone. With nobody around.*

“Can you decide faster please? I really have to go if I’m gonna catch this auction,” Sapnap whined irritably. His heel tapped impatient against the door.

Fuck it.

“Yeah sure, I’ll do it.” George shrugged.

Sapnap gasped.

“No shit dude. Like really? You can?”

“Yeah!” George grinned and stood from the couch, “Go get your fancy tentacle or whatever.”

“George you’re *literally* the best thing ever! Holy *shit* dude!” Sapnap rushed over to clamp him in a huge bear hug that warmed his heart and nearly crushed his ribs.

“Again, mentioning the fact that you don’t trust the assistant you *literally magically engineered* to help you,” Dream called from where he was seated.

“Yeah, well, I didn’t *engineer* you to be a cocky smartass who doesn’t follow the rules but here we are!” Sapnap bit back, sound muffled through where his face pressed into George’s shoulder.

When he was released from the hug, George saw Dream flash Sapnap a middle finger. Sapnap bared his canines as he held back a chuckle.

“Well, I’m leaving. I should be back by the time the shop closes, so try not to fuck anything up to terribly.” Sapnap lifted the briefcase with a huff of effort and swung open the door. “Dream, make sure to tell him all the rules. I mean it, *every single rule*. No exceptions. George, thank you once again you sexy beast, you get first dibs on fucking that monster if I actually win it.”

Dream rolled his eyes. George laughed and gave him a wave.

“You promise?”

Sapnap winked. “You bet. Bye guys, don’t burn the shop down.”

“Yeah, whatever.” Dream grumbled, “Bye Sapnap.”

The door slammed shut.

The bell jangled loudly, sealing in the shop with a sudden blanket of thick tension. A switch. A palpable change in the air. Something in George’s brain, some primal part of him attune to sensing danger, was sent haywire. Subliminal messages, screaming to his body *behind you, behind you-*

“*George.*”

Dream’s voice came lilted and venomously sweet. Setting his nerves alight with a familiar fear mixed with certain arousal, dancing down his skin in delighting pinpricks. And before he could turn around, a tentacle wrapped around his waist and pulled him backwards, shoving him down onto the couch with a loud yelp.

“I’m gonna need you to listen to me, okay?”

His voice was close, so close now, lips just brushing his ear, the sudden claiming grip on George’s body making him shiver. The unexpectedness of it all was suffocating, thrilling, with the question lingering of *what the hell is he gonna do...*

A hand came up to grip his jaw, not unkind but firm enough to hint at more if he so much as blinked wrong.

“Use your words. A simple yes, George.” Breath came hot on the side of his neck, making another unconscious tremor shake his spine. He had half the mind to disobey, just to see how rough Dream would really get with him, but his shock got the best of him, and he found himself nodding.

“Yes.”

George hated the way his voice shook.

“Mmm. Good. Now...” Dream tilted his head to face him, sharp eyes affixing him with a predatory playfulness. Closer, his pupils looked like reptilian slits, dilated into ovals with euphoria, and his irises had a unique sort of discoloration, one lighter than the other. Feeling as though he might burst if he held any more eye contact, George’s eyes went down to his nose bridge, splattered with freckles that he could see clearly now, each of them like a constellation to be mapped. He could probably look at Dream for hours and never be bored.

“Sapnap said every rule. And that means every rule, George. No exceptions.”

Half lidded and head starting to grow fuzzy, George nodded.

“You understand that, right?”

“*Please* Dream,” the plea slipped it’s way past his lips without really meaning to. It must be those dumb aphrodisiacs, the way he was able to make him fall apart so easy.

George whined impatiently and tried to push closer, pressing his face down into his hand and

wriggling his hips against the tentacle wrapped around his torso. Mouth dropping open, his breath came in small huffs, needy and hopefully enticing. He just wanted more. He wanted what he came here for.

Dream's voice came in an amused rumble to his ears. "Oh no, George. You misunderstand me."

"Huh?" George breathed out.

"I said *the rules*." Dream removed his hand but tightened the tentacle around his waist, holding him down in place and smirking at George's noise of protest. "You heard Sapnap. I'm in charge. And you're gonna listen to me."

George's confusion won over his attempt to form a coherent sentence, cheeks blazing and body squirming. He felt on display, helpless under the sharp, unforgiving observance of his eyes.

"God you really are pathetic, huh? You really thought I was gonna give you something?" Dream laughed cockily, "You're not getting anything until you're done with watching the shop. *Whore*."

The last word was spoken almost too sweetly into his ear, like some kind of sappy pet name that sent venomous shivers down the track of his spine. A shiver that clearly did not go unnoticed, only adding to Dream's self-assured, stupidly fucking attractive expression.

"Shut up!" George stuttered out as bitterly as he could, the burning need to defend himself overriding the fog clouding his brain.

However, hopes of redeeming his dignity were soon crushed as Dream furrowed his brow and shoved a tentacle right down his throat. George gagged, eyes going back in his head and filling with sharp tears, lungs burning as he felt the familiar taste of salt and sweetness on his tongue.

"I'm gonna need *you* to shut up George. Fucking *listen* to me, brat. Unless you want a goddamn customer to walk in on you like this." Dream slapped his cheek, "But knowing you, you'd probably like it anyway."

He was right. He would. But George needed to breathe, so he shook his head as wildly as he could and slapped his thighs, tears threatening to spill over his cheeks. Thankfully, Dream got the message instantaneously, withdrawing from his body as his chest heaved in a cough. Hands came

back up to stroke over his cheekbones roughly.

“You alright?” Dream asked quickly, “I usually numb you first. That might’ve been too much...”

“No! No, I’m green, I’m fine, I liked it, please.” George said weakly, offering his best smile.

Dream breathed out a sigh and removed his various limbs from George’s body. The loss of contact was disappointing. “Good. Okay. I need to actually tell you the rules though, that wasn’t a lie.”

George rolled his eyes. “Yeah sure, go ahead.”

Dream raised an eyebrow. “Alright then. Promise you’re listening?”

“Of course I am!”

“You’re half hard George.” Dream pointed to his jeans. It was true.

“Not my fucking fault,” he grumbled incredulously, feeling his face prickle with embarrassment. Dream laughed.

“Fine, fine. I’m sorry. But that leads to the rule I was *trying* to tell you before but you clearly can’t seem to remember.” Dream stood dramatically for further effect.

“Get on with it then.” George grumbled.

Dream cleared his throat. “Rule number one. No getting off on the clock. That means no touching yourself, no fucking the tentacles, and no fucking the customers for that matter either. No loopholes.”

George’s jaw went slack.

“What!?” But you literally... Sapnap.... I’ve seen him... I’ve seen *you*... *what!?!”*

“George,” Dream furrowed his brow and affixed him with a glare that could cut steel. “Does it look like you’re in a position to question me right now?”

As if to prove his point he brandished his hand, the skin of it flickering from freckled tan to writhing tendrils. George’s head spun, debating whether he should argue the sheer unfairness of it all, bringing up all the times he’s fucked Dream during work hours and Sapnap’s impromptu “checkups”. Or whether he should just shut up and get it over with faster so he could get fucked.

He chose shutting up.

George shook his head meekly.

Dream’s frown melted into an easy, infuriatingly smug smirk that made his stomach flip. “Good,” he spoke sweetly, turning on his heel and padding over to a drawer on the wall which he rifled through noisily, “Because we have a lot of work to do. And I can’t have you being a brat all day.”

“Hey! What do you-”

The shouted retort was cut off by a large piece of fabric getting chucked over his head.

“That’s an apron. Put it on. You’ll need it.”

George ripped the thing off his head and unfurled it in front of him. It wasn’t too bad as far as aprons went, dark orange with a black tentacle logo on the chest. Looked a bit big, it would probably end around his knees. He was just grateful it didn’t have frills.

“So do I just...”

Dream smiled, a disarmingly innocent gesture. “Yup! Put it on. You’ve got lots more rules to learn today.”

George slumped over the counter, kicking his feet against the wooden stool and drumming his fingers anxiously. Dream had spent the last half hour teaching him all the basics he needed to know about the shop, a swirl of dizzying and wondrous information that he'd tried to listen to as best he could. It was all so interesting that it didn't really feel like *work* yet. Maybe he should ask Sapnap if he could take shifts here part time...

The doorbell jingled, pulling him from his thoughts, and a man George had never seen before entered.

"Welcome to the tentacle shop!" George blurted quickly like he'd been told. *God, where was Dream when he needed him?* Fitting, really, a new customer walks through the door only when he's away.

Thankfully, they didn't seem to care. The man had an orange camouflage patterned scarf wrapped around his head, obstructing his nose and mouth, but his eyes were sharp, squinting with an easy sort of happiness. A glance up and down noted his casual, dark clothing and large bag slung over his shoulder, akin to the size of Sapnap's suitcase. He seemed to know what he was doing, stepping onto the hardwood floors with confidence and giving the tanks a light once-over glance before waving cordially at George.

"Hey! I've got a 3 o'clock appointment, should be under the name 'Ponk'."

George took a deep breath to steel his nerves. It should be easy, Dream had shown him everything he had to do. He grabbed the clipboard off the table, fumbling with it a bit, and flicked through the papers until he found the page he was looking for.

"Okay, uh, I got you right here, follow me." George motioned for him to follow to the elevator. The man obliged swiftly, angling his bag so as to not hit any of the tanks. The pair ducked behind the curtain. He seemed to have a sort of ease in his motions, like he'd done this many times before. George found himself wondering how long he'd been coming to the shop, perhaps as long as Karl. Asking felt like too much of an intrusion though.

"I don't think I've seen you here before. Are you a new hire Sapnap picked up or something? Are you human?" the man, *Ponk*, he assumed, chirped with interest.

“Uhm... yeah, I’m human. Sapnap’s out at an auction, I’m filling in for the day.” George responded, smoother this time, pressing the button on the elevator and waiting for the doors to open.

“Oh! Cool! Well, I’m Ponk, I’m kind of a regular here. Nice to meet you!” their eyes scrunched up in that happy manner. So they *did* come here often...

“I’m George.” George cleared his throat, “So um, so it says on here that Sapnap or Dream will come pick you up when your time is over, and that will be...” he examined the paper before nearly dropping it. “*Three days?!*”

Ponk laughed. Suddenly the huge bag made much more sense.

“Oh man, you really *are* new here, huh?”

“Wh- but... *how!?!*” George exclaimed. Questions swirled in his head and they only increased as the other man chuckled again.

“I’m going to see *The Warden*. ” Ponk said simply, “That’s his name on the plaque. But I prefer to call him Sam. Like a nickname. It’s more personal, I think.”

Every day, it seemed, George found something new about the shop.

“He might look big scary but he’s really just a big sweetie who needs a lot of attention,” Ponk continued dreamily, “And he always treats me so well...”

“How... well, what... um...?” George stumbled over his words horribly, inwardly cringing at how poorly he was handling this whole thing.

“I’m sure if you’re a regular here you can try some of the bigger monsters soon. Have you been just sticking to the ones upstairs?” Ponk asked, clearly not minding his awkwardness.

Mostly sticking to Dream...

“Uh, yeah. What are they even like?” George questioned, still staring in awe at the “ *3 days*” label under the time section.

“Big,” Ponk said immediately, “So fucking big. And rough. But they’re smart too, they know your body and they know you love it so they just keep going until you can’t even think anymore. Feels like you’re being split open and you’re lost in how good it feels until you pass out or they decide to give you a break. And he always fills me up so good, I can feel him inside me for days...”

At this point the reason for the apron had clicked into place, because George was sure the outline of his dick in his jeans would’ve been visible from a mile away if it weren’t for the thick orange fabric blocking it from view. Because while Ponk’s rambling was in a similar vein to Karl’s, it was really hitting him due to that dumb new *no-getting-off* rule.

The elevator dinged loudly, the gate opening to a floor that George had indeed never laid eyes on before. Dimly lit, high ceilings, that same tile flooring meant for easy cleanup. But the most jarring thing was the *doors*.

He was used to the hallways with mismatched, painted wood. Small stamped metal plaques. But here, the entryways were like vaults. Floor to ceiling, locks and latches, oiled hinges and keyholes. Dream never told him about these. Granted, he had told him about the different floors, but he didn’t expect them to be... well... *this*.

“Amazing, isn’t it?” Ponk chirped happily, clearly in his element, “Just think about how powerful they have to be to be locked up behind those.”

“Dream didn’t... he never even told me how to open these...” George stammered, clutching the clipboard and looking up at the door labeled “*The Warden*” .

“Aw hey, no worries! Sapnap sends me down here on my own sometimes, and plus, I have my own key!” Proving his words, Ponk brandished it, a shiny silver thing, well used but well taken care of.

George breathed an easy sigh of relief. He decided he liked Ponk quite a bit.

“Since you know what you’re doing you can just go ahead. Uhm, it says here you can use the emergency buttons to call for help at any time and to take care of your key. But I think you already

know that.”

Ponk laughed, sliding the key into the hole and turning with a metallic *click*. “Yep, I know.”

The pair stood back as the door groaned and slid open, revealing a huge, dimly lit room. The overpowering scent of jasmine, salt, and heavy musk hit George in a wave, filling his lungs with lust and making his heart accelerate. But it was the creature hunched against the back wall that truly shocked him.

The biggest overwhelming descriptor for the monster was *green*. Smooth skin swirled with neon lime camouflage fit for a coral reef, soft upper body tapering down into a spray of multi-shaped tentacles. It was curled in upon itself, and its body moved rhythmically, like it was breathing. With each pulse it seemed to emanate another waft of the musky, flowery smell. Hearing the door, it turned its head to look at them, eyes huge and completely black. It blinked and squinted, an oddly endearing action that made Ponk let out a soft coo of affection.

“I haven’t seen you in so long Sam!” he called across, stepping eagerly into the room, “C’mere!”

Sam slithered his way across the floor alarmingly fast, stretching out his many tentacles and engulfing him in a big hug of green flesh. Ponk squealed as he was lifted off the ground and the scarf around his head was ruffled, revealing a shock of strikingly white hair. The two cuddled into each other sweetly in a manner that seemed oddly and achingly intimate. The moment only served to increase the feeling of awkwardness burning in George’s chest. Yet, he seemed rooted to the spot, unable to do much but watch their movements with wide eyes.

Ponk’s bag was quickly dropped to the floor of the room in abandonment with a loud thud. The scent seemed to grow ever thicker and the more George breathed in, the more he could feel it affecting him. His breath came heavy and fast, his dick pressed uncomfortably against his jeans, and his surroundings seemed suddenly and oppressively bright, glaring in his vision. But he knew the aphrodisiac’s effects weren’t for him.

Green tendrils quickly gripped Ponk in a heavily less innocent way, twining around his thighs and up his arms and earning a sweet gasp from his throat. The size difference was truly alarming, Sam’s massive form and thick tentacles making Ponk look fragile and tiny. Patience clearly wearing thin, the monster lifted his baggy sweatshirt, exposing his chest, smooth skin with lightly defined abs and thin, almost invisible transition scars.

“*Mnh*, uhm, thank you George!” Ponk waved from his position, seemingly remembering his presence, “I’m sure I’ll see you a- *ah!* Around!” his voice broke with an awfully high pitched moan

as his nipple was flicked.

George flushed, nodding, and reached out to press the *Close Door* button.

“You too. Uh, have... fun?” he managed to get out. Quite pointlessly, in fact, as Ponk was pulled with the monster towards the back of the room.

The last thing George caught before the doors shut was Ponk giving him a wink and a shaky wave before being swallowed by tentacles and a muffled moan before the door shut and sealed, leaving him alone in the tiled hallway.

He was made suddenly and uncomfortably aware of how his own body felt, the prickly burn in his cheeks, his fingers white-knuckling the clipboard, and most evident, his sensitive cock rubbing up against the fabric of his boxers. The itch to just shove his hand down his jeans and take care of the issue was crushing.

This was unfathomably difficult.

The reason for the rule now seemed glaringly obvious as he made his way down the hallway, wincing at the hyper sensitivity. Made even *more* obvious as a stray moan echoed down the walls after him, making him jump and let out a short whine. It sounded different from Ponk’s. He hated that he recognized that. There was more than one person down here getting their brains fucked out by a massive tentacle monster. And none of those people were him.

George hurried to the elevator, jamming at the buttons frantically as another suspiciously lewd noise seemed to chase him, solidifying his position.

God, he wanted to touch himself.

And the issue was how soon. After an hour or so maybe, but this was one customer in. Maybe Dream was right. He *was* desperate.

And he realized the reason for that stupid rule was that if he *could* get off, he wouldn't get anything else done.

He knew it was a rule to be taken seriously, a rule to be followed, because despite how incredible the tentacle shop was, he knew it was dangerous. There was a reason for everything. A reason why monsters like those were kept locked behind sealed metal doors and why there were safety buttons in every changing room and why Dream made him repeat his safewords every time they went into one. Because tentacles, at their roots, are monsters.

And *fuck*, it made him horny.

Maybe he had a thing for being afraid, he pondered as the elevator doors creaked open and he stumbled to the stool behind the countertop to catch his breath. Maybe that's part of why he was so curious, because that mystery and unknown made everything so much more enticing. It was terrifying, knowing that something bad could happen if he so much as moved wrong, but it also made him want to find out exactly how bad it could be.

He looked down at himself, and shifted the orange fabric to see how pathetically hard he was, gentle movements making him brush painfully against his jeans.

George wanted to touch himself.

He looked around sheepishly, checking for anyone who might see him. Thoughts of how wrong this was, how he was not only breaking Dream's new rule, but the one Sapnap had put down as well from the very beginning. But the risk just made him more desperate, pushing up into his hand as he tried to muffle a moan.

George bit his lip harshly, threatening to break skin. It wasn't a big deal if nobody noticed, right? Just his own little secret...

Something thick and warm wrapped around his arm as he reached towards the zipper of his jeans, making him freeze.

"Oh, Georgie."

He could feel breath at his ear, making a violent shiver wrack his body as his heart beat so frantically he could hear it in his head. The tentacle twined between his fingers, teasing, before it slowly pulled his hand away from its intended course and dropped it at his side. Reaching across his lap, it gently shifted the apron back over his issue, pulling away with a pat to his thigh.

“I’m almost disappointed, you know.” Dream clicked his tongue as he circled around him to look him dead in the face, delighting in how George shook like a small animal being cornered for slaughter. “But I understand that it’s your first day and that you’re an insatiable *slut*, so I’ll cut you some slack.”

George didn’t quite know what to do except nod slowly.

“I want to hear some gratitude, George. I’m being very nice, but just know I won’t be so kind if I catch you again.” He was smirking, but his eyes were dangerous, fired with hunger.

“Thank you, Dream. I’m sorry, Dream.” his voice trembled, the name coming out like an honorific would.

Dream’s expression shifted, pitying but still in that teasing, predatory manner. “You’re shaking. Are you scared? You should’ve known what you were getting into. They tell me everything, you know.”

Flicking his eyes around at the tanks, George noticed the way the tentacles seemed to look at the both of them, pressing against the glass with interest. And he knew they were everywhere, watchful, writhing helpers traversing the halls silently. Truly, there was no place in the shop where he could get away with anything.

He expected the realization to feel suffocating, the way being contained like this always felt, but instead his veins boiled with need.

“Sorry Dream,” George repeated, breathing heavily, clasping his shaking palms together across his lap, “I didn’t um... I didn’t...”

“Didn’t mean it huh?” Dream finished for him with a raised eyebrow, “Didn’t mean to do it? Or didn’t mean for me to catch you?”

George swallowed and opened his mouth to respond, but was cut off when the doorbell jingled and the chatter of two voices reached his ears.

Dream sighed, padding across the floor and back towards the doorway, parting the curtain. George twisted backwards to look at him, and he was met with a stare full of promises. “You’re lucky they

just came in. I'll let you go for now, go be a good little whore and help them out, alright?"

And with that, he ducked behind the fabric and George was left alone with his emotions and the couple that had just entered the shop.

They came into view more clearly as they began to look at the tanks, their voices and conversation too. Two men, one slightly shorter than the other, with messily dyed blue hair and large framed glasses. He was clearly being dragged along by his auburn haired companion, who spoke in a loud, excited tone and was pointing to the tanks with glee. George knew he should probably ask if they needed help, but they were so absorbed in their own little world he found it better to just not interrupt them.

"Babe, hey, look at this one! Look at the ridges on it! D'you think you would like that?" the taller man piped, batting the other on the shoulder.

The blue haired man, who was already flushed, went an even darker color, rolling his eyes. "We already have so many rentals at home, do we really need another one?"

"No such thing as too many tentacles Ant," the man said, poking a finger at the glass, "But do you think you could take this? It's pretty big, even for you."

"It looks interesting but... *ugh*, I dunno. I'd probably be stretched down there for *days*." the man, *Ant*, as he'd been called, fiddled with the metal ring on his leather choker.

"Aw c'mon, you love it when they make you like that! We're totally getting it. I wanna see your pretty face when it splits you open." the auburn haired man sing-songed, bringing up a finger to tug the ring away from the other's nervous hands and pulling his face in close.

George felt the sudden need to look away, his own face sporting a blush similar to the one he'd seen. For the second time that day he was witness to a moment oddly intimate and palpably sexual. But as hard as he stared at the floor, he couldn't get the sudden mental image of the blue haired customer flushed and sweating, stretched around the tentacle. He really did have a pretty face...

"S'cuse me!" the taller man had approached the counter and tapped on it, pulling George from his sinful reverie, "I'd like to rent the dragonstail for a week. The red one over there."

Ant groaned, slapping a palm to his forehead, “Velvet, are you sure we even have the tank space for that? I mean, we got two other ones just last week...”

“Babe, I just cleaned the tanks this morning, we have plenty of room! Plus, you said it yourself, it looked interesting,” Velvet bit back playfully, giving his partner a winning smile.

George cleared his throat. If he was gonna work here he should at least be trying his best to help instead of lying around like a horny sack of flour. “Uh, I heard you saying you were worried about it stretching you out. But the ridges of the dragonstails actually strengthen your kegel muscles, and each gland below the scales produces lubricant that heightens your sensitivity. It’s... amazing, really,” he finished with an awkward laugh.

Ant’s face couldn’t have been redder at this point, but Velvet gave an impressed hum.

“I’ve never seen you before! You’re human right? Or are you all tentacle-ish like Dream is?” he inquired, leaning forward with interest.

“That’s the second time I’ve been asked if I’m human or not, actually,” he snorted, “I am, my name is George. I’ve been coming here for about a month now but I’m standing in for Sapnap today. He’s at an auction.”

“Ah, gotcha,” Velvet nodded, “Well, I’m Velvet, and this is my amazing boyfriend Ant, it’s nice to meet you!” He extended a hand which George shook. It was odd how much it felt like a hug, his grip strong and warm.

“We’ve been coming here for around six months now. Never been happier.” Ant said with a grin.

“You were talking about the dragonstail... Have you fucked it before? You seem to know a lot about it.” It was asked in a way that one might question eating a dish or having a favorite color. The casual sexuality that the shop invited was still something George needed to get used to.

Cheeks burning mildly, he nodded. “Yeah, it’s really great. I’d highly recommend it.”

George remembered his time with the dragonstail quite well. The ridges and scales weren’t sharp, but instead rounded and rubbery, offering delicious friction. And the way it had slicked up was unreal, dripping with sticky liquid that made him sensitive to the slightest touch. The pleasure was

mind blowing, leaving him rendered immobile on his bed for hours afterward. The only reason he'd returned it early was because he needed to make sure he was able to walk before his shifts, and his self control was... concerning at best.

"Just um... make sure you have time for recovery. It won't leave you too stretched out, but it can definitely fuck with your strength, especially in the legs, and the sensitivity-"

"We're getting it." Ant interrupted him suddenly, earning a laugh from Velvet.

"Seriously? That's all it took? That was easy." he drawled, a smug grin plastered across his face. Ant shoved him in the shoulder with a huff.

"Shut up. I can't believe we just came here for a refill and you convinced me to get another one." he groaned.

Velvet perked up at the words. "Oh shit, I almost forgot. Can you give us a bottle of the long lasting hypersensitivity pills? We're almost out."

George nodded and ducked under the counter, looking through the multicolored glass bottles shelved underneath, before drawing out a pale blue one and standing back up. Remembering what Dream had told him, he quickly cleared his throat.

"I'm gonna need ID for you two since this is a double purchase of higher level materials. I'm sure you guys already know that though."

Proving his statement correct, the pair pulled picture ID's from their back pocket and held them up for him to see in a clearly familiar motion. George looked them over once before nodding. He hadn't gotten any sketchy vibes from them anyway. They both seemed friendly and goodhearted, clearly looking out for each other. He wondered if he would ever have a relationship like theirs someday.

"You're all set, that should be an even \$100 for the whole purchase. I'll call up Dream in a sec to help you with the tank transfer." he smiled at them, sliding the bottle across the table where it was eagerly snatched up by Ant.

"You wanna try taking one now?" Velvet mused, placing bills one by one on the counter. "Just to

see how long you could last?”

Ant’s persistent flush darkened ever redder, limbs stiffening as he took in Velvet’s suggestion. George froze too, desperately forcing his thoughts away from his dick. It was that feeling again, of somehow intruding on intimacy, while simultaneously wanting to see more.

He was already fucked, each movement a reminder of the rule he detested. How much worse would it be if he took one of Ant’s pills? How long would he really be able to hold out without falling to his knees and begging Dream to do something, anything, to alleviate the sensations driving him insane. He wondered if he would take mercy on him, giving him exactly what he wanted, or being harsher, with degrading words and slaps of his hands ensuring bruises on his skin for days.

“Ah, uhm...” Ant stuttered out, not knowing exactly what he should say.

“You don’t have to. I just think it would be fun, *kitty*. ”

The pet name was whispered, clearly meant for Ant and only Ant, but it still rang in George’s ears.

Holy fuck.

“I’m... I’m gonna go get Dream, I’ll be right back,” George choked, hiding his own burning face and ducking behind the back curtains.

As soon he was out of sight and the couple’s murmurs faded out, he cursed softly, falling against the wall. He was seriously frustrated if something like this was working him up the way it was. Sappnap dealt with this every day and still functioned like a normal person, meanwhile here he was, knees to his chest, his arms wrapped around his torso, shaking with arousal. He still had two more fucking hours to work, and he wasn’t sure if he could make it or not.

But there were customers outside, and rules to follow, so he took a deep breath and stood, willing his strength to hold him for the rest of the day.

“George?”

It felt like he was submerged in an uncomfortably warm ocean wave, salty and suffocating. At this point he wasn't even scrambling, trying to go against the current sucking him under. He just went down, further and further down, the sunlight fading out and the ringing in his ears growing louder and louder as the tentacles dragged his limp body into the deep dark of the sea floor. Drowning, drowning, unable to breathe, not sure if the liquid on his skin was his own or the water surrounding him. As all hope for air left him, he breathed it in, his lungs filling with sweet, briney lust...

“George!”

The familiar voice filtered through the watery depths and George jolted, eyelids fluttering. Dream's face swam into view, leaning over the counter and smiling at him.

“Mmh?”

“You alright there? We're about to close up shop, you're almost done.” He ran a light stroke over his cheekbone and George keened, leaning into the touch mindlessly. Dream allowed it for a few moments caressing his skin with gentle fingers, before pulling away, earning a frustrated whine. “Come help me clean up the room that just opened, okay?”

“Mmm, fuck, mkay.” George slurred, propping himself up on his elbows.

His thoughts were muddled, his skin was slick with sweat, and when he moved his legs it felt *wet*, the fabric soaked through. His skin felt achingly sensitive, the brush of his clothes on his skin driving him insane.

The day's customers had gone by in a whirlwind of lustful thoughts and the smile on his face that grew more and more forced. A tall blonde with an interesting accent that rented a tentacle three times their size, and a woman with large wire rimmed glasses framing curious eyes who purchased a confoundingly large array of items. Someone with fiercely dyed red hair and a tongue piercing that flashed silver as they asked where Sappnap was, and a cheerful customer who's infectious happy attitude almost made up for how much she flirted with Dream. That last part was somewhat irritating. He knew Dream was desired, he knew this whole thing was his job, his *life*. But he couldn't help the roiling green jealousy that bubbled ruthlessly in his gut.

And as he stood up, watching as the man in question pulled back the curtain and motioned for George to follow, the feeling only grew. Though now the green was replaced with burning, sizzling red, pulsing through his veins with need. His eyes trailed up and down his body shamelessly, not particularly caring if he noticed, lingering on his neck, his chest, hands, thighs. Wanting so badly to feel the skin under his hands and teeth and be touched and held by the tentacles underneath.

His legs wobbled as he tried to walk. Dream's resulting laugh was warm and smug as he extended a hand to lead him to the elevator.

"Careful there, you're like a baby deer," he chuckled as George leaned against his arm, not really caring to bite back with a bratty remark. He stumbled along into the enclosed space, every brush of his jeans on his dick making his nerves scream, drawing soft groans and huffs from his throat.

Dream relished in everyone one of them, his expression seeming to grow more satisfied with every small noise as they descended. "Don't worry George, it's a small room, I just need you to clean the floor. Are you feeling okay?"

"I'm fine Dream," George breathed, "I can do it."

It wasn't exactly like he had a choice.

He hummed. "I know you can. Look at how far you've gotten today? You've been so damn good for me." Fingers threaded through George's hair, rubbing soothing circles, and he had to bite his lip to keep from full out moaning, the praise and the pets absolute euphoria for his body. Thankfully, he didn't pull away this time, allowing him a small reward.

When his eyes flitted over to Dream's face, it was etched with a sort of tenderness that made his heart melt. The smile on his face was genuine and sweet, brimming with care. *This* was what made that jealousy swallow him whole in lust, the craving for his entirety, fueling the fear that someone else would claim it.

Then Dream drew away gingerly, leaving him deprived once more, and the moment was gone.

The elevator gates creaked open with the ring of a bell. A mop and bucket were thrust abruptly into his awaiting palms, sweet, strawberry scented liquid splashing onto the tiles. Snapping out of his haze, George huffed out a sigh and moved to soak it up.

“Oh no, don’t worry about that,” Dream said reassuringly, patting his shoulder, “It’s magic. It’ll dry up fast.”

Sure enough, the liquid shimmered, glowing, before it promptly vanished, leaving the floor tiles shiny and clean. He blinked blearily at the feat, looking from the bucket, to the floor, and back to Dream. It reminded him of the fact that Sapnap enjoyed potion-making, taken in a casual way like someone might like to cook. The magic used within these walls was still new and mysterious, leaving him to wonder what more could be accomplished with such skills.

He supposed everything has a little magic in it here. Including Sapnap and Dream themselves.

“It’s neat, isn’t it? It’s great for cleaning up all the sticky stuff, Sapnap found out how to make it pretty early into founding the shop,” Dream continued, grabbing a rag and a spray bottle for himself, “It’s been helping us ever since.”

“Did Sapnap make the shield? Or uh, the glamour? Like, how I couldn’t see the shop until I overheard it...” George trailed off, following in Dream’s footsteps as he fiddled with the door handle, which seemed to be jammed. Asking questions was the best he could do to distract himself.

“Oh, that glamour was set in place quite a long time ago. Ancient, unbreakable ritual magic.” Dream laughed at the clearly worried expression on George’s face. “Not like in the way you’re thinking, don’t worry. It just means we’ll be safe for a very very long time. Probably forever.”

“Is it like... a cult thing?”

“No, no, not at all! It’s just some runes and bullshit they carved in the ground,” Dream shrugged, “Honestly you should be asking Sapnap all these questions. He knows the most about magic. I mean, he basically created me. I’m like... his homemade dildo. Except one thousand times better,” he said nonchalantly.

George was sent into a giddy bout of laughter at the comment, ringing through the hall and echoing off the walls. “Dream, a- *heh!* Dream what the *fuck!?*” he hiccuped out, the bucket of cleaner splashing more sparkly substance onto the floor.

Dream snorted, gripping him gently by the shoulder so he could steady himself. “I’m not wrong! He just got really lazy and horny one day and sculpted me out of flesh and human bones and shit!”

“Pretty unorthodox dildo materials if you ask me,” George wheezed, leaning into the touch as the giggles threatened to make his legs buckle once more.

“Yeah, well,” Dream twisted the doorknob, opening the changing room, “Everything’s unorthodox around here if you haven’t realized.”

George opened his mouth to reply but as he inhaled, his lungs were hit with hot, steamy air. The smell of musk and sex filled his nose, powerful enough to make him cough, bracing himself against the mop. His body shook with a sudden subconscious tremor, shivers wracking his spine and tingling out his nerves, all down to his dick. The room was huge and had clearly just been used, the shine of slick that had not yet dried coating the floor, walls, and even the fucking *ceiling*.

What the hell even happened in there?

“Remember what I told you George,” Dream said, his *stupid fucking smirk* plastered back onto his face, the smugness in his voice sizzling in the air. “Help me clean this, and then you’re all done.”

George swallowed hesitantly, weakly, setting the bucket down in the doorway. Dream knew what he was doing. He just had to know exactly how bringing him down here would cause him to feel. He wanted him to break, to shatter and beg so he could use him how he pleased. He wanted him to cave after the whole day of staying strong.

But George had already made it this far. He could clean one stupid changing room.

Exhaling sharply, he dunked the head of the mop into the cleaner and began to scrub away at the floor. He began slowly, carefully wiping away a clean path for himself as he cleaned the musky slick from the tiles. Stepping with care, keeping his eyes on the task at hand, making sure his legs didn’t shake too much so he didn’t slip. And especially keeping his gaze from wandering around the room, since he could feel the burn of expectant reptilian eyes on his back.

He knew Dream was watching him, even as he heard the spritz of the spray bottle and the squeak of his rag. He recognized the feeling of being observed, painfully aware the man was able to catch his every waver, every hesitation, his satisfaction only growing with how hard George panted into the damp air.

Sweat glistened on George's forehead and neck as he made his way around the floor, movements growing more and more erratic, the push and pull on the mop handle becoming more of a tug-of-war. His clothes felt too itchy, too close, his face too hot, his dick sensitive and straining. And it seemed, no matter how much of the strawberry liquid he splashed and scrubbed, the smell of sex still remained in his lungs.

The feeling of Dream watching him was too much, combined with everything he felt, like an itch he needed to scratch. Nearly against his will, his eyes flitted upwards, making direct contact with the man in question.

He looked so goddamn *pleased* with himself that it flipped George's stomach. His right arm was fully extended in tentacle form, mindlessly cleaning the wall, the left one human and giving it an occasional spray from the bottle. He didn't need to talk for George to know what he wanted, to know what desires were behind that smug expression. *Come to me*, he could almost hear the whisper, *let me wreck you*.

The floor.

Focus on the floor.

George scrunched his eyes shut and scrubbed harder. It was no longer just a rule, no, Dream had made sure of that. It was a competition. And he wasn't backing down.

He tried to think of something, anything. But they only served to heighten the feelings he had. His mind wandered to Ponk, on a low floor of the shop, getting his brains railed out by a ferocious monster. To Ant, who's shivering, anxious movements and higher voice had proven he had indeed taken one of those pills while George was away.

Would Dream enjoy seeing him get fucked by one of those huge monsters? Would he pet through his hair and hold his face as he was ferociously stuffed to the brim? Or would he get too jealous, wanting to claim him so badly that he wouldn't be able to wait? Maybe he would have him take the hypersensitivity in the middle of the shop, just to see how long he could go without embarrassing himself in front of Sapnap? To see if Karl or any of the other customers would have the care to notice until he was desperate enough to be dragged away out of sight?

Unable to control himself, his eyes flicked back up to savor the way Dream scrubbed at the wall. He was turned away now, and the baggy hoodie he wore was pushed up his arms, revealing the mouthwatering stretches of tan, freckly skin and slender muscle. Where his slim, bony wrist morphed into smooth, colorful flesh, reaching up to the ceiling.

The ceiling.

How the fuck was there cum on the ceiling?

Another tremor wracked his body unexpectedly, visceral and violent, forcing a strangled noise from his throat and making his knees buckle. He gripped the mop's handle, white knuckled and desperately trying to keep himself from toppling over. *Fuck*, he really needed to sit down...

And then there were arms around him. Taking the mop from his hands and allowing it to clatter to the floor, encircling him in comforting warmth. Stroking across his back and waist, threading through his hair, pulling him forward until his face was pressed against a familiar chest.

"Alright George, I think that's enough for today," Dream whispered, the very sound of his voice sending sparks skating down his nerves. His chest ached, swelling with meaningless words that spilled out mumbled on his tongue.

"Fuck, Dream, m'sorry, m'so sorry Dream, I couldn't-"

"Shhh, it's okay. You did so well for me, you worked so hard Georgie, look at you." Dream drew back his head to cup his cheek, admiration and softness in his eyes, "Held out right until the very end. So good."

And if George wasn't already far gone enough, the words and motions turned him to putty in Dream's hands. The praise was warm and validating and exactly what he'd fucking needed. He *had* worked hard, as hard as he could while being perpetually aroused all throughout the day. Forced out conversation, cheerful smiles, trying not to drop cash and coins and cards through his shaking fingers.

He was glad Dream knew how much he'd tried.

"I think you deserve a reward for being so good all day. You think you deserve that, hm?" Dream asked, tilting his chin up so their noses brushed and they were breathing in each other's air. Close, electrified with tension, the magnetism between their bodies craving the touch of skin to skin.

George kept his eyes open drinking in his face until he couldn't anymore, cheeks flaring as he buried his head into his chest. "Fuck, *please* Dream," he pleaded, hands twisting into fists in the fabric of his hoodie, "Please, need it so fuckin' bad sir *please*, wanted you all day Dream."

"Oh *baby*," Dream mumbled, sounding surprisingly breathless, "Wanted you too. S'okay. I'm gonna give you everything you want."

Strong limbs wrapped around his waist and under his legs, lifting George off the ground. Hyper aware of every sensation on his skin, he could *feel* the flesh pressed against him switching from skin to twisted tentacles, flickering back and forth with indecisiveness and need. It somehow made the entire day worth it knowing he could make Dream want him just as bad. That deep down he knew he wasn't just another customer, another plaything. He was *George*.

"Poor thing," Dream said sweetly, brushing light touches down his spine as he carried him out the door, "Fuck, you're shaking so bad. Are you okay?"

"M'fine Dream," George breathed, tightening his arms where they were slung behind his neck, "Just need you. It was so hard, Dream."

"Mmm. I know it was. But look how well you did baby. Karl was so much worse than you when he ran the shop for Sapnap his first time." Dream said with a breathy laugh.

"Really?"

"Oh yes. He was a sniffling desperate mess by hour two. Practically *begged* me to let him go downstairs." Dream shook his head, but wore a fond smile, "Didn't even get paid. But he didn't care. He was just too desperate. Plus, Sapnap forgives him for most things anyway."

George did indeed feel a swirl of glee in his stomach at those words, making it certain in his mind that he would tease Karl about that later. "Mmm. So I'm the best? Is that what you're sayin'?" His words slurred together, but Dream understood him fine, snorting out a light giggle.

"Best I've had so far baby," he purred, pressing a kiss to his forehead. The comment struck deeper than it should've, making George's heartbeat quicken imperceptibly faster as he pressed in closer to his chest, into the arms that held him so effortlessly.

Arms that now shifted him and opened the blue painted door to the familiar changing room they both knew so well. Eyes screwing shut as Dream carried him inside and locked the door, limbs stiff and trembling with anticipation. Feeling as the skin flickered to tendrils for good, laying him down on the softness of the mattress with utmost care.

A light brush under his chin tilted his face up.

“Eyes open, pretty boy.”

With a quiet whine, George let his eyelids flutter open, taking in the man above him, leaning over his body. His face was near enough to brush noses, desperate breaths intermixing where they panted out, so close yet still separated by that tiny string of tension. Silken, silver, humming to be snapped.

George wanted to kiss him.

The urge struck him like a brick. It was the only thing he hadn't done yet. Because that was one of Dream's only customer boundaries, and breaking it would mean getting kicked from the only place he had ever felt truly happy.

So even through his lustful haze, he held back, instead willing his lips to form a broken plea.

“Touch me, Dream, sir, *please*. ”

His eyes flashed in that predatory way at those words, his body growing rigid with restraint. “*Fuck*, Georgie, safewords, repeat them for me please. You know what to do.”

George whined impatiently, tugging at Dream's shirt in an attempt to pull him down. “I know my goddamn safewords, please sir I *need you*. ” he begged.

Dream's face grew stern, grasping George's chin sharply with a tentacle and squeezing, ripping a loud, catlike whine from deep in his throat. “Then you should know how important this is. Don't change my mind about spoiling you today, slut. If you want me so bad then *repeat your damn safewords*. ”

“Fuck.” George cursed, gritting his teeth, “Green means go, yellow means slow, red means stop. One tap yes, two taps no. M’ sorry Dream.”

“That’s my good whore. My pretty thing. That wasn’t so hard now, was it?” Dream said sweetly, releasing his jaw. George shook his head, raking his eyes up and down his body. “Now I can give you what you want.”

George could hardly part his lips once more to beg before Dream’s mouth latched onto his neck, biting and kissing and sucking, as at the same time tendrils exploded from his back, tearing the pesky orange apron off his body and diving into the clothes underneath. Skillfully unbuttoning his jeans, lifting his shirt to expose his chest, flushing red and glistening with the slight shimmer of sweat from exertion.

Dream dove down, long tongue licking over his skin, savoring the saltiness and lust pouring from him. Pheromones and aphrodisiacs lay thick in the air, but not in a suffocating way. Instead it was comforting, sweet, filling him with warmth and dripping honey.

George’s sensitive skin sang at the slippery brushes all over his body, tentacles touching and teasing at his thighs and stomach as Dream licked his way down his chest. It was just so *much*, being caressed, petted, stroked, anywhere and everywhere, and knowing it was all *him*. Vibrant multicolored explosions of flesh rippling out of his skin and twisting through the air, their only goal to please him.

It was beautiful. And George wanted to see more.

Desperately, he reached up and pawed at Dream’s shirt, pulling up the thick material with a whine. His efforts, though, were quickly thwarted, a purple tendril shooting out to grab his wrists and hold them above his head. Crying out loudly, he struggled against the strength, twisting and pulling to no avail.

“Dream please. Wanna see you, Dream. Lemme look at you sir, *please!*” George begged, voice high and whiny. Usually he would still have enough dignity to not just be acting like this, but with how long he’d been waiting, he couldn’t care less.

Dream looked up from licking over a pink bud, his sharp eyes with their oval, blown out pupils regarding him with something of amused confusion. “I never understand why you want my shirt off so bad. It’s about *you*, Georgie.”

Because I think you're gorgeous, he wanted to say, because your body reminds me of sandy beaches bleeding into coral reefs and planets swirling amongst galaxies. Because the way you move through the world could be worshipped through rhyme and myth and pen strokes. Because I could look at you and touch you and be with you for hours and never be bored. Because you and everything around you was one of the best things to ever happen to me.

But his tongue was so limp as a tentacle squeezed his thigh tight that he just whispered out another "Please!" and prayed it was enough.

Thankfully Dream just laughed, starry eyed with that puzzled sort of wonder, and lifted his shirt, pulling it off and tossing it to the side. George nearly drooled, barely blinking, frantically darting pupils taking in the tan expanses of freckly skin. Soft muscle definition melting away into patches of rainbow hued tentacles that made his stomach bubble and flutter with intense, craving need. Struggling, he wished to run his fingers along the dips and curves, the slimness of his waist, the textures of the tendrils, the constellations of freckles clustered everywhere he looked. To touch each part of him and in turn tell him exactly how beautiful he was.

Because here, drowned in his lustful haze, Dream was godlike.

He struggled to form words to indicate just how much raced through his brain, mouth opening and closing as he swallowed the spit that pooled in his mouth.

"That good huh?" Dream laughed, watching his face with interest.

"Yeah, yeah, sure you are," George said breathlessly, the bratty remark coming off much more gentle than intended.

But Dream didn't acknowledge it, instead wordlessly going back to petting his array of limbs over his flushed body, admiring and reverent in every movement. Trailing gentle nips and kisses down his chest as his tentacles worked at removing the clothes from George's body, flicking off his shoes and socks followed by the troublesome jeans. Stained, now, with an embarrassingly large patch of precum that had leaked through his boxers from the limbo he'd endured that afternoon. Last came the shirt, leaving him only in his underwear.

Considering him for a few brief seconds, Dream cocked his head, an oddly endearing movement that caught George off guard before he lifted a particular tendril emerging from his ribcage. Slim, unassuming, it twisted its way underneath the thin fabric, giving his furiously leaking cock the barest of brushes before emerging under his waistband. Dream smiled at the broken moan that echoed in the back of George's throat. It then dove back in.

Perplexed, George looked up as it wound through his underwear, scanning his face for an answer of why he was teasing him in such an odd way.

But then he felt the *teeth*.

Not like that of a beast or human, but the kind of teeth on a serrated knife, just briefly pressing against his skin before they were *pulled*, shredding through the fabric cruelly and efficiently, not once nicking his skin or drawing blood. He cried out in shock and surprise as the scraps joined the rest of the clothing on the floor and he was left bare, Dream drinking in his reaction with delight.

“Figured that little trick might be nice. I’m sorry if those were expensive though. I’m sure Sapnap can pay you back.” He grinned devilishly, gauging for a reaction.

George spluttered, still processing what had happened. How the tentacle had been able to just... *tear right through...*

“I... it... mmh...”

“It worked, didn’t it? Look, you’re dripping.” he clicked his tongue in mocking pity, dragging a soft tendril up his red-tipped dick spilling precum onto his stomach. George whined, rutting into the air weakly but not getting very far, the touch being drawn away immediately. Stress and arousal had soaked into his muscles, making every movement ache with effort.

“*Fuck, nhh!* Stop teasing sir, please!”

“But you make such sweet little sounds, Georgie. Why wouldn’t I try to enjoy it?” Dream breathed, leaning back down and admiring where the tentacles dug into his thighs, pillowy flesh broken with suggestive indentations. “God, you look so gorgeous like this. All day, you just looked so enticing, smelled so delicious. I could practically feel the waves pouring off you. Do you know how hard it was to control myself, baby? How hard I had to resist grabbing you by your pretty little waist and bending you right over the counter?”

The words settled, filling his stomach with a fluttering sort of delight. It was a small victory, a swallowing satisfaction, knowing that he wasn’t the only desperate one. That he could have Dream wrapped around his finger too if he really tried. Despite himself, a smile curled its way onto his lips, allowing the cockiness to take over for a moment.

“How hard was it exactly, sir?” he let the words roll off his tongue without much mind, letting the smug glint in his eye speak louder. It begged for him to be put in his place.

Dream frowned, the brattiness clearly hitting its mark that time. “Don’t let it get to that pretty little head of yours. I’m still in control, whore.”

The statement was punctuated with a light slap across his thigh, stinging pleasure. George yelped out a moan involuntarily, the sudden taste of roughness making him crave more. *More*, his body screamed, *give me more*.

“*God, please!*”

“Oh you poor little slut.” Dream cooed, “I’m offering you a reward. Offering to treat you since you did so well today. But you can’t live without pain, can’t you? You just love to be punished that much?”

George whined at the words that dug deep in his chest, pushing his head to the side in an attempt to hide his face in the pillow, a futile denial. The truth was that he *did* love the pain, he’d been craving it desperately, craving it from one of the only people who’d ever treated him like something more than glass, more than a pretty collectable. He craved Dream’s pain, the way he could hurt in a way that felt personal, that made him feel alive.

“Ah, ah, none of that. Show me your pretty face, princess. Don’t hide yourself from me.” Dream clicked his tongue, grabbing his chin and tilting it back up, smiling at the gasp that came from George’s throat. “There you are, baby. Today is about you, so I’m giving you everything you want, okay? No need to be ashamed. Now, do you want me to hit you again?”

“Please,” he repeated, pulling his lower lip between his teeth anxiously as he eyed Dream with huge pupils, watching for a reaction. And the reaction he got did not disappoint, a full grin displaying his pointy canines, so similar to Sapnap’s with that pleased predatorial glint flashing in his eyes.

“As you wish, baby.”

George shut his eyes tightly, bracing for an immediate impact, but instead was startled by a slow lick up his cock. He nearly *sobbed* at the contact, the first real, intentional touch he’d gotten there

all day. And Dream didn't stop there, curling that obscenely long tongue around him tightly and tugging it into his mouth.

And *that's* when the hit came.

Searingly hot across his left thigh, the resounding *smack* echoing in his ears as he moaned loudly. Dream made a pleased hum, the vibrations causing intense pleasure to spread through his nerves. And when he looked down, green eyes looked back, eyelids lowered and lashes fluttering across his freckles when he blinked, head beginning to bob up and down. George struggled against the tendrils binding his wrists, wishing so badly to tangle his fingers in dirty blonde hair and pull.

“Oh my *god*, s' good Dream, *fuck!*”

Not once did he come up for air, not once did he gag. Not a single scrape of teeth across George's dick as he worked his mouth, and the slick, velvety warmth was the best thing he'd felt in days. He supposed it was part of being a monster, molded to be the perfect sex partner with a mouth capable of giving the best head of his life. Dream's tongue skilfully twisted and licked at the underside, his eyes seeming to radiate the praise he couldn't say.

You're doing so good for me baby. You look so pretty. Your noises are so gorgeous. My good little whore.

The things George had wished to hear as he'd fucked those tentacles in his bathroom, head pressed painfully against porcelain, his own hands dragging up and down his body, aching to be touched and held and slapped. And now it seemed he had all he'd wanted, but it still wasn't *enough*.

It would be enough when he was filled, he thought. It would be enough when Dream was inside him and he was getting fucked until he could no longer form a coherent thought.

He hoped that would be enough.

But he was still undoubtedly enjoying what he had now.

So much so that George could feel his stomach coiling and knotting, pressure building. He let out a broken mewl, bucking up weakly into the soft heat of Dream's mouth. In a desperate attempt, he wrapped his thighs around Dream's head, urging him to go *deeper, faster*. He was fully feeling the

effects of not being able to touch himself all day, the heightened sensitivity dragging him closer and closer with every bob of the man's head.

"Close, sir, m'close!"

Until George's body tensed and spasmed and he was shooting a thick load of cum down his throat as he greedily swallowed it all. A strangled moan escaped his throat as Dream sucked him through it with lewd, wet noises that would've made him self conscious if he wasn't so lost in pleasure. It was only five minutes in and he'd already orgasmed. He almost felt embarrassed.

Dream, however, did not seem to care one bit as he slowly pulled off, cleaning the skin so thoroughly that there was not a single drop of cum left once he sat up. He smirked, swallowing roughly and sticking out his tongue with satisfaction.

"Fuck, you taste so good Georgie. So fucking good." Dream exhaled, licking his lips, "Can't get enough of you."

"What... What do I taste like?" George stuttered, his voice raspy and strained with effort as the aftershock pumped through him. It only served to make him want more.

"Mmm," he hummed thoughtfully, "Well, tentacles taste things differently than humans do. But I guess the closest thing I could compare you to is vanilla. Or, no, maybe chai. But you're... warm, kind of. With a touch of honey, and some underlying rich savory flavor." Dream trailed off as more of his torso unravelled and dissolved, more tentacles to pull him in even closer.

"And um... all of me? All of me tastes like that?" he asked quietly, accepting the new touches across his waist and legs with a gentle, pleased sigh.

"Well... I guess you taste different in some places." A mischievous smirk twisted onto Dream's mouth as he bent down again.

George registered just exactly what he meant by that as his *damn tongue* was slowly, deliberately pressed against his ribs and dragged upward, the sweet drag of wetness making his eyes roll back in his head.

"God, you're such a- *mmh!*" he bit off in a muffled whine as Dream's teeth grazed across his skin.

“I’m what?” he asked mockingly, circling his tongue around a pink bud, “Won’t you finish that sentence for me, pretty boy?”

George glared at him as witheringly as he could, an expression short lived as he felt *something* begin to prod at his rim, reminding him exactly how bad he wanted to be filled. A loud, embarrassingly high pitched mewl flew past his lips as he rocked downwards, expressing his neediness.

“You’re... *fuck*, a tease,” he choked out, tugging wildly at the binds on his wrists, flesh and muscle tensing with effort to keep him where he was.

“I thought you wanted to know what you tasted like, baby?” Dream said coyly, “I just wanna take my time with you. Wanna feel you. I want to feel what I’ve been missing out on all day.”

Another slap sounded against his leg. He moaned, fire lapping at his lungs.

But the words genuine, he could see it in the way his expression was full of stars, still so entranced by the form below him. How beautiful it was, that George could consider himself special in Dream’s eyes. And it made him full of burning, filthy desire.

It just wasn’t enough.

“Sir, please, I wanna touch you so bad, just lemme go, *please!*” His fingertips grasp at the air as he strains, back arching at the simultaneous lack and overload of stimulation. He needed less and more and everything all at once, his eyes filling with frustrated tears.

“Hey, hey, baby, are you okay?”

One of Dream’s hands stitched itself back together in front of his eyes, reaching to cup George’s face with concern. It was astounding, really, how fast he could sense the slightest change in his demeanor.

“Color?”

“I’m green,” George choked, “I’m so green, I’m fine, just please let me touch you, fuck me, *please* Dream, I need it so fucking *bad!*”

Considering for a moment, for a fragile, tense moment when all the movement stopped, Dream’s eyes flicked over him, desperate and trembling on the sheets, debating his options.

And then slowly, tentatively, the tense grip around his wrists softened and unwound, retreating back into Dream’s body with a gentle ruffle of his hair. George was shocked, in awe for a moment, before he reached up his fingers to trace over tan shoulders.

“Behave yourself, Georgie. You’ve been such a good boy for me all day, don’t ruin it just because I gave you a reward,” he warned, words crackling with subdued electricity.

“Yes sir, I won’t ruin it sir,” the words rolled off his tongue with practiced ease. He skimmed his fingers lightly, tenderly over the skin, testing the waters with curious touches.

“Good.” Dream leaned down over him until their chests were touching, enjoying the way George shivered on contact, “Because I think you’ll want this inside you as soon as possible.”

From his back emerged a huge tentacle that made his mouth water, shimmering with slick and a deep green. But the size was far from the best feature, his attention instead catching on the deeply ridged texture, incredibly similar to the dragonstail he’d helped with that afternoon. With just how big it was and all those bumps on the outside... he was shaking in anticipation.

“Oh my *god.*”

“Looks good, huh? And if you beg for it real pretty I’ll fuck you with it right now.” Dream purred, a stray tentacle brushing over George’s rim to prove his point.

“Please,” he began immediately, without a second of hesitation, “Please, I want something in me Dream, I want it so fuckin’ bad, I just need you t’fuck me *now!* Please. *Please.* I came here just for you and I needed you so much, just *please* fuck me Dream. *Fuck me.*”

He gasped out the words, arched his back off the bed in pure frustration. The tentacle was big and

he craved it, but he just needed *anything* inside him, just something to fill him up. Something to fill that clawing void, the ache inside his chest, that feeling tightening his chest and fogging the back of his mind that just told him something was missing. It wasn't *enough*.

But thankfully, satiated by his pleading, Dream thrust a thin tentacle inside him, smooth and slick and oozing that familiar liquid that was able to get him perfectly, magically stretched in just mere seconds. Instantly flooded with fluttering warmth, he moaned, far too loud for a thing of that small size, but having something in him after so many hours was just too good.

It pushed its way inside him, pressing at his walls but just barely brushing past his prostate, a vicious tease he knew Dream was doing exactly on purpose. He tried to wiggle his hips, thrust down onto it with his own fleeting strength, but failed, all to the amusement of the man above him.

"Please sir, I begged just like you asked, I've been so good today sir, just *please* put that thing in me, I need it so bad sir, just *fuck me already!*" he cried, balling his fists in the sheets with frustration.

An aching tender brush along his cheekbone has him spiralling, lost in the crashing waves as Dream's voice drifts through his ears.

"My poor slut. You begged so pretty, you sound so gorgeous when you're desperate. But I think I like the sounds from you when you're stuffed full of me far better."

George whines as the smooth tentacle is removed from his now stretched and dripping ass, the head quickly replaced by the huge ribbed one. The size is already clear, feeling how it pushes his cheeks apart as it rests just on the edge of going in.

"You ready baby?"

"Please, Dream!"

Ready to be satisfied, finally, after so goddamn long.

But when the tentacle finally breached his ass, it wasn't the feeling of everything clicking into place. It wasn't the feeling of fireworks, of satisfaction, of the fulfilment he'd been craving so wholly. And it frustrated him to no end as he shut his eyes tight, letting tears spill around the edges,

coating his cheeks in desperate salt.

But it was still so good, even though it wasn't the final piece, even though it didn't complete the puzzle. And so as Dream pushed it deeper, as he felt the thick, ribbed texture fill him to the brim, he moaned as loud as he could, fingers flying upwards and pulling hard at dirty blonde hair. And when it was fully in, a harsh smack was delivered to the side of his thigh, causing George to cry out at the delicious pain.

"You alright Georgie?" Dream whispered breathlessly, wiping a tendril across George's cheek and pressing a kiss to the center of his ribs. He was beautifully flushed, his freckles almost glowing under rosy heat, breath coming fast and heavy.

"M'good sir, m'so *fucking good*," George sobbed, moving his hands gingerly from his head and trailing them down the expanse of his back, tracing around where the tentacles met his skin and delighting in the shiver that wracked Dream's body.

"*Fuck*, you're a handsy little slut aren't you?" he muttered, beginning to thrust the tentacle in his ass, slowly, allowing each ridge to catch against his rim, "I might have to wrap up those wrists again if you aren't careful."

"No! No, please, don't wanna, no. *Fuck!*" he babbled, gripping at Dream's shoulders harshly as the tentacle moved, slicking his hole with lubrication and spilling out of him into a small puddle he could feel forming underneath him on the sheets. A quiet, strained laugh was exhaled into his ear between groans of effort.

"It's okay princess, I'm just teasing. I'm still in control here though, and don't you dare forget it." Dream said in that syrupy sweet tone, the one that sent shivers down his spine and filled his veins with melted chocolate.

"Yes sir," George gasped. The sensations overwhelming him, he found himself wrapping his arms around Dream's neck and burying his face in his shoulder. He inhaled, the pheromones radiating off his skin smelling sweet, warm, comforting. He craved the closeness, clinging onto him like a lifeline as he was split in half, slowly, excruciatingly.

Dream seemed to pick up on this though, wrapping around George's lithe body with his many limbs and pulling him upwards so he could rest against his chest. And the tentacle thrust harder, making George scream into his neck, shivering with sensitivity and pleasure. Endless strings of pitiful noises, all of them music to Dream's ears, so smug in the way he could make him crumble to pieces.

And in pieces he was.

Out, the tentacle pulls, until it's just barely grazing him, then shoves back in without warning, punching a choked moan from George and making a lewd, wet noise from the amount of slick. The rhythm went like that for a while, Dream's shoulder growing damp with tears and drool from George's utter incoherence.

Until a sudden hit was delivered to his ass, followed by a stroke both soothing and burning. Head thrown back, he whined, the sound getting stuck in his throat and coming out strangled.

"You sound so pathetic, baby. And *fuck*, your face, all those tears. Look at you, so slutty, so pretty. So fucking good for me. " Dream rambled into his ear.

"Thank- *fuck, nnggh! Thank you sir!*" he moaned in response, his voice broken and high pitched. The praise laced with those well placed insults swarmed his brain like fluffy puffs of smoke, clouding his thoughts and filling his head with the feeling of floating. And he didn't exactly know if he was plunging down towards the sea or up into the starry expanse.

Seemingly losing what last shred of patience he had, Dream quit the slow pace, speeding up the thrusts until George was clawing at his back, tears coming full force.

His body was burning up. Everywhere he felt the presence of the tendrils that gripped at him, the bruises forming around his wrists and no doubt around his thighs too. That fluttering feeling beating wings furiously at his ribs, the knots in his stomach twisting tighter and tighter. He knew he was close already, knew how close he was dangling to the edge, and somehow, some way, Dream knew it too.

"Tell me how you feel. I wanna hear you Georgie." Dream's tone was just shy of begging, and it blazed a fire within his core.

So of course, he complied.

"I can... *fuck, oh god*, Dream- *sir*, it's so fucking good sir, *ah!*" he sobbed, "So good, so fucking good, *please* sir, wanna cum, I wanna cum so bad."

“I’ve got you baby. I’ll make it good, I’ll make you feel so good, you’ve been so good.” he promised, the many limbs curling around George tighter, ensuring it would be fulfilled.

Around his ankles, squeezing and kneading at his thighs, his ass, winding up his dick and flicking at the pink buds on his chest, one even twining its way around his neck. Looking down at his own body through bleary eyes he saw nothing but color, bright explosions of it winding across his skin. Pressing possessively into his dips and curves, somewhere between the harshness of rope and the care of a hug.

George hadn’t found many partners as willing to hurt him as Dream. But he had been tied once, and it was something he’d thought about ever since, remembering how good he’d looked with all that intricate lattice work across his milky complexion, where it left an entrancing pattern of bruises for days after. He still had considered his partner a bit too gentle, a bit too squeamish, but it was a fond memory, one he wanted to experience again. George wondered, maybe, as he saw himself so wound up in Dream’s colors, if he could bring that untouched length of silken rope he’d bought and stowed under his bed to be used here.

And yet, even as he was caressed, squeezed, slapped, and praised, he just couldn’t shake that feeling that he needed something more. Craved something deeper, something closer, something just out of reach but brushing against his fingertips. And as he leaned back to behold Dream with blissed-out eyes, it rolled off his tongue.

“Kiss me.”

The pace faltered.

“What?”

An expression basked in surprise, confusion, the movement all over his sensitive body suddenly going still.

“Please Dream, kiss me, *please*,” George breathed, “You don’t have to. You can say no. But *fuck*, need it. And I’m sorry if I’m crossing a line, I know you’re not supposed to, but-”

Without another word, Dream leaned forward and captured his lips in a furious kiss.

And with that, it was fireworks. It was the itch scratched, the switch flipped, the button pressed, the final piece clicking into place. Plunging into the oceans depths, exploding through the clouds and into the stars, lilies and zinnias exploding in full blooms. It was electric and burning and melting and so wholly consuming that it put fantasy to shame.

George was always told that kissing was nothing like the movies he watched with hungry eyes or the books he salivated over day and night. And he'd believed it, for all those awkward spin the bottles he'd endured throughout his schooling and all the soulless, thoughtless pecks that came from his various hookups after. He'd believed it was nothing special, believed it with his full heart.

But somehow, in the blank walls of the changing room, wrapped in color while he was split from within, Dream was able to give him something that rivalled artificial romance. A kiss that conveyed the feeling of being swept up in the middle of some foreign field, surrounded by flowers shimmering in moonlight. It was perfect in the most imperfect way.

And so, he leaned into it, tangling his fingers in his hair once more, tilting his head to the side like he'd always seen, allowing Dream to take control. And take control he did, sliding a gentle touch up his cheekbone, pressing their lips together with a newfound hunger. He bit, gently, pulling George's lower lip between his teeth briefly to get that breathy gasp, sweet and saturated with inexperienced surprise. And those parted lips were all he needed to slip his tongue inside his mouth, before once again closing the gap between them

For as incredible as that tongue made him at blowjobs, it made him great at kissing too. It swirled around George's as if savoring the flavor of him, before licking towards the back of his throat, making him inhale sharply.

And then he pulled away, a thin, silver string of spit connecting their mouths. Dream looked beautiful, blushing and panting, eyelids lowered and lips shining. And he looked at George with that sort of reverence and joy that suggested he looked the same.

"You know, I didn't think it was possible for you to get any more delicious," he whispered breathlessly, "But you just keep proving me wrong, don't you baby?"

George couldn't do much but moan as the thrusts increased their pace again, to shut his eyes as Dream licked over his lips, biting at the sensitive skin and savoring this new place he had not yet had the pleasure of exploring. It was everything, every part of him being taken care of, not knowing which sensations to focus on as it all blended together into a perfect symphony of sensation.

Finally, it was what he'd been craving.

As the drag of the tentacle inside him and the gentle squeezes of his dick brought him closer and closer to cumming, he allowed his mouth to fall open, babbling out meaningless strings of words onto Dream's tongue.

"Sir m'so close, please don't stop sir, please!" he begged and begged and begged, digging his fingernails into the muscles of Dream's back for purchase, sure to leave streaks of red scratches down the tan expanse of skin.

"You can cum at any time, no need to ask permission, alright? Cum for me, baby, you're so fucking good. My pretty little slut." he purred into his ear, that slight tinge of breathlessness rasping his tone and making George shiver, trembling in his grasp.

He could feel the pressure in his stomach build with each deliberate thrust against his prostate, red heat blossoming through his chest and threatening to spill over, so achingly close, just now within reach. Scrambling, grasping as he held on for dear life...

"Kiss me again Dream, *fuck*, kiss me!" George cried.

And Dream, not being one to deny any of his requests that evening, easily complied. Grasping his chin, he shoved their lips together in a passionate clash, biting his mouth open so their tongues could tangle together.

George let out a muffled moan as his vision went white and his heartbeat roared in his ears, body shaking with the force of his orgasm. Cum spilled over the colorful tangle around his dick at the same time as he felt warmth spray inside him, painting his insides white and stuffing him full. His outward senses faded to mild incoherency, heat coursing through his veins as he shivered and shook, limbs going limp like a wilted flower.

Dream stroked him through it all, holding him strong to his chest until the last of the movements grew still and his chest slowed its heaves. Slowly tilting until his back pressed against the sheets and his eyes fluttered open tentatively to see Dream's tentacles slowly unwinding from his skin, as if they didn't want to leave. Like painting reversed, watching all the bright strokes of color soak back into the canvas and disappear.

The tentacle lodged in his ass was slowly extracted, making him cry out in overstimulation as the

texture caught against his abused rim. Dream shushed him soothingly, rubbing circles over his arm with his thumb, hand magicked back into humanoid form. A wet *pop* sounded and he exhaled with relief as cum started to leak between his thighs.

“Plug me,” he rasped quietly, pawing at Dream’s arm.

The amused laugh that follows is music to his ears. “How did I know you were gonna say that? Poor greedy cumslut.”

Reaching a lingering tendril into the pocket of his jeans, Dream pulled out a blue silicon plug and gently inserted it, running a stroke down his bruising thigh.

“How long didja have that?” George wondered aloud, not exactly having the brainspace to be embarrassed over how much his words slurred together.

Dream smirked. “That’s my secret to have, sweetheart,” he said with a wink.

As he slowly unwound the last of his limbs from George’s and slid off the mattress, he allowed his eyes to rake over the shirtless body, shamelessly and unfiltered. The clothed legs were especially confounding, and he narrowed his eyes at the realization that Dream simply never used his lower half during sex. What could even be under there? Did he have a regular dick, like a human did? Or was he just mannequin-esque smooth?

Whatever it was, George wanted to find out.

He wanted to find out lots of things about Dream, he noticed. He wanted to know his favorite food, his favorite book, his favorite song. He wanted to see what he looked like in his own kitchen, swinging his legs on the counter, or in his own bedroom, tan skin against his sheets. He wanted to sit across from him at a coffee shop. He wanted to lay across his legs in the park. He wanted to hold his hand walking down the street and read him poetry and give him bags of sweets.

Holy shit, he wanted to go on a date with Dream.

Because of course he did.

The realization hit clear as day, clearing the fog from his post orgasmic haze and causing him to gasp in a nearly audible breath. Of *course* he wanted to date Dream. The craving, the longing, the nerves, the kissing, the *everything* all starts to make sense. And his thoughts raced and raced as Dream came back with a wet cloth and gentle fingers, soft murmured words as he cleans off his skin.

And maybe there's a chance Dream could like him back.

There was something extraordinary in that kiss that hadn't just been his heightened sensitivity and explosion of lust. Maybe there was some chance it had been a mistake, maybe there was some chance he hadn't meant it, but looking at his blissfully peaceful face, eyelids lowered in pleasant concentration, he couldn't sense a single drop of regret.

Perhaps it was wishful thinking. Perhaps he was getting ahead of himself, he thought, and if he was going to act on any of this he should wait, sleep on it at least. Whenever his emotions ran high the outcome was always too unpredictable. But he had a good feeling about this, unusually good, sweet honey filling his veins with every gentle brush of cloth across his skin.

He wanted to kiss him again. But then it truly would mean something. Then it truly would be crossing the line that had already been so blurred.

Patience, he told himself.

"Are you alright baby?" Dream's voice filtered into his ears, "You're staring off into space."

"I'm fine! M'fine Dream," he stuttered, trying to pull his gaze away from his lips. A failing effort, really.

"You sure? Today was a lot. I want to make sure you're feeling okay, especially after holding out for that long," he said, tone laced with sweet concern.

"No, I'm good! It... it actually ended up feeling better than usual I think." George murmured. *In more ways than one.*

"That's good. I'm um... I'm sorry about the marks, I got a little too carried away," he laughed, tracing careful fingers over the steadily forming bruises lacing his limbs. "You've never been one

for revealing clothing though, so you should be perfectly fine.”

George scoffed sarcastically, wiggling his hips in the air as the cloth was wiped across his thighs. “Who says I couldn’t wear something different? What if I wanted to wear my sparkly red booty shorts that totally exist and I’m one hundred percent not lying about? What if you just ruined my outfit plan for tomorrow?”

“Oh, well that’s a wonderful image you just put in my head,” Dream drawled, pushing his legs down gently.

“What? Are all your tentacle dicks getting hard again from imagining my poor mangled legs in booty shorts?” George teased. Dream’s resulting laughter was a burst of sunshine.

“Hey! I didn’t mangle you! They’re just gonna be black and blue for a few days,” a light shove was pushed into his shoulder, “And maybe I do like the thought of you showing off all my marks for the world to see. Showing off how much of a slut you are.”

His breath caught at that, the feeling of cayenne honey bubbling at his chest as he struggled to form a proper sentence to respond. Dream raised an eyebrow, in clear enjoyment of the ability he had to bring George down with a few simple words.

“Oh you like that huh? You wouldn’t even have to show it, baby. Even if you were just walking around, you’d be limping, and reminded of everywhere I touched you when you sit down or cross your legs. Pretty masochistic whore, trying to hide all your behavior under all those layers.”

The very image his brain conjured up was sinful. Dream’s fingers innocently laced in his as they walk down the sidewalk, but with fresh bruises blooming under his sweater and jeans, making him jolt with any gentle press on his skin. Maybe with his ass pumped full of cum, plugged up so he wouldn’t leak. Or maybe some sort of tentacle, squirming against his prostate, making him struggle to hold in his moans as they pass others on the street.

“I... uhm... *fuck*...” he stuttered dumbly.

Another bright laugh shattered the thick tension that had been built, gentle hands guiding him to roll over onto his stomach. Blushing hard, George buried his face into the pillow and whined indignantly.

“You’re so easy to rile up Georgie. It’s cute,” he sang. Damp fabric dragged along the curves of his ass, the soothing coolness in harsh contrast to the way his body burned underneath,

“Shut up Dream,” he mumbled in response, coming out muffled through plush cushioning.

And at that he did indeed fall quiet, but not uncomfortably, not in the way that most quiet air shared was inherently tinged with awkwardness. Instead it just felt comfortable, allowing the man to carefully work his hands over George’s skin, cleaning off the slick and cum that would otherwise be drying into an annoying mess. It was sickeningly domestic, and even though this was routine, even though this was regular, after the kiss it just felt so... different. So saturated with sunshine and caramel that it could’ve made him sick.

But he had to wait, he had to wait, he couldn’t let his emotions boil over now, he wanted to preserve this moment, the peace within it, uninterrupted by swirling thoughts.

So he sat as still as he could, hyper aware of every inch of his skin, whining sweetly when Dream brushed over the plug, huffing when he squeezed at his ass playfully. Tried not to instantly reach for him as the touch pulled away, likely to go put away the dirty cloth.

And tried not to sigh with relief as he felt the mattress dip around him, the familiar hum of his presence filling the space once more. Tried to contain himself as strong arms slid around his waist, pulling him close. Tried his best not to roll over and grab his face in a furious kiss unmarred by sexual contact.

“I don’t have work tomorrow,” was what he blurted out instead.

“Mmm. Is that so?” Dream murmured, smiling against the crown of his head, nose buried in fluffy brown hair, “Maybe you should come visit me then.”

Not “us”. Not “the shop.”

Visit “me”.

The spark in his chest blew into a full on forest fire. Slowly, he shifted, twisting in Dream’s arms until they were face to face, legs tangled and eyes of molten chocolate staring intently into verdant green.

“What if you come visit me instead?” His voice was quiet compared to the implications it held.

Stillness held the air in a choke, seconds passed like days as Dream’s breath caught in his chest. George could see the way those gorgeous features flickered, trying to decipher the many meanings of a few spoken words. And he cursed himself, he cursed his impulsivity and his stupid fucking head, cursed it all and it’s consuming confusion.

“Like... in town you mean? Or your apartment?”

“Wherever you want.”

And Dream’s brow furrowed, full of concentration for a moment. But then something George never expected happened.

He *blushed*.

He blushed hard, the color blooming at the tip of his nose and spreading through his cheeks to his ears. His lips parted, a breathy laugh escaping them as he brought up a hand to cup George’s face.

“Are... are you asking me on a date George?”

Now it was George’s own turn to flush, his face burning as he smiled sheepishly despite the way his stomach filled with butterflies, beating their wings against his ribs and demanding their escape.

“Maybe. It depends on what you want it to be.” he whispered.

“Oh George, baby, sweetheart,” he gushed, pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead, “Of course I’d want to go on a date with you. Fuck, I was almost about to ask you myself.” Dream shook his head, looking at him with such awe he wouldn’t have been surprised if he was glowing.

He certainly felt like it. What had been a raging fire beating at his skin and threatening to burn him alive was now lighting him up like a candle, relief and warmth flooding his body. Hiccuping in a

breath, he felt tears pool in his eyes.

“Dream you’re so... you’re so caring and such an amazing person. You’re one of the best things that ever happened to me, you make me feel so... alive. And you’re so beautiful. Every part of you, Dream, you’re just so gorgeous and I don’t think you realize it. You’re a work of art. And I feel like I could end up loving you.”

A mirror of his own face, Dream’s eyes filled with tears, spilling over his gorgeous freckled cheeks as he laughed. “You... you really mean that don’t you? Fuck, baby... I crave you. I crave the way you taste, the way you feel, I crave the way you look at me and touch me. I just think about you so much... this hasn’t ever happened to me before. You’re just so incredible George. You make me feel like a person and not just a thing to be fucked. And you... you like me for the way I look, not despite it. That’s the best gift you could ever give me, even if you’d never felt the same way about me that I feel about you.”

They cried through the giddiness of their giggles, together, hands tangled in hair and foreheads pressed against each other, basking in the rays of happiness and intense, unfiltered euphoria. It felt so new and fresh, after George’s endless years of powerful longing. After all those years, wishing for his own fairytale romance, for his own erotica daydream, and here he was, living it. Living all the things he’d deemed impossible.

“Where should we even go?” he wondered aloud after they’d calmed, reaching up with nimble fingers to wipe the salt from Dream’s face.

“Wherever you want to,” he grinned, “I spend most of my time inside the shop anyway, you should know Blue Orchid Hill better than me.”

George scoffed, rolling his eyes. “Oh stop, no, there has to be *something* you wanna do. You have to choose.”

“Or what? You’ll punish me?” he teased, wiggling his eyebrows.

“You’re such an idiot,” he groaned back, “Just choose something! Anything!”

Dream wheezed, an endearing noise, “Alright alright. How about you take me to your favorite restaurant? I don’t even know what kind of food you like, other than the fact that you eat the stuff Sapnap cooks for us sometimes.”

George's eyes widened and then he groaned, thumping his head against Dream's chest. "Oh god, what's Sapnap even gonna think? And Karl? Shit, they're gonna tease us so much."

"Aw, stop it, they'll be happy for us," Dream cooed, rubbing a hand through his hair when he whined indignantly, "Okay, *maybe* they might tease us. But we'll be fine sweetheart, don't worry. I'll just fuck them if they get too pushy."

"Mmm. M'kay." George said, shutting his eyes and snuggling into him.

"Hey, don't fall asleep just yet, we still need to get you home." Dream chastised. But his body seemed to betray him, limbs tightening around George's frame, the skin showing signs of unravelling in places, blotches of color bleeding through in a state between human and monster.

"You can bring those out y'know," he mumbled, tracing fingertips along the textures, "You don't have to stay one way or another. S'pretty."

Slowly, muscles relaxed, the cover of skin fading away in patches of color, like smears of paint mixing on a palette. So vivid, so saturated, that when George ran his palm along the skin he nearly expected it to come away stained with the rainbow. For the most part they stayed coiled, dormant in the shape of his body, but a thin tendril reached out to twine around his hand. He accepted it graciously, pressing a gentle kiss to the tiny thing.

"Why do you think I'm beautiful?" Dream's voice was a rasped whisper.

George shrugged, feeling his limbs growing heavy in the sleepy comfort of his embrace. "You just remind me of beautiful things. Like flowers... and northern lights... butterflies. I'm not very good at explaining. You just are. Why?"

"You're one of the first people to ever tell me that," he said quietly, wrapping his arms around George protectively, "I mean, Sapnap always says I'm hot, so does Karl, but beautiful is something I don't get often."

"Well that's not fair," a pout carves his face, "You're beautiful, Dream. I'll keep telling that to you until it's not something you're surprised by. You're so... so gorgeous. And pretty. Every bit of you."

And the smile Dream gave him was his favorite yet. Lips tugging upward mindlessly, eyes filled with stars, so utterly moved and joyful in a way nothing else could possibly capture. Not even the best camera or the most skilled artist could have captured the purity of his happiness. But here, in the moment, it didn't matter, because it was all for him, and he drank in every second of it.

“You're beautiful too George. I mean that.”

Not pretty. Not delicate. Not blown from class or sculpted with porcelain. Not breakable or a trophy or a prize.

Beautiful.

As he drifted off, surrounded by warmth and the exquisite joy of a new beginning, George knew he loved being Dream's kind of beautiful.

Chapter End Notes

IMPORTANT UPDATE:

The following notes are outdated. I'm deeply sorry to those of you who have enjoyed my series, but it will be coming to a close here. I have my own reasons for conclusion, but I'm deeply happy that you've all enjoyed this series so much. So, I leave it open to you. If you'd like to write something in this universe or inspired by my works, be my guest. I'm always happy to see what you come up with. Thank you for everything, and I hope my tentacles give you as much joy as they've given me.

Much love,
Blackberry

THERE IT ISSSSSS THEY'RE DOWN BAD FOR EACH OTHER YOUR HONOR!!!! Which leads me to my next point: oneshots! I'm planning on writing them going on a cute date (but still having spicetimes because of course), and some other fun stuff including Karl and Sappnap.

I'll be posting updates about this all over my twitter, as well as LOTS of lore crumbs like new tentacle species! If you're interested in that type of thing please go give me a follow, and if you happen to have any fanart or headcanons or anything you wanna say to me you can always shoot me a DM or tag me in a tweet! I love hearing from you guys akjdshkjsfd you're all so sweet!

And of course, here's the [final volume](#) that this chapter was (VERY LOSELY) based on

Another special thanks to Joie as well as my other cheerleaders/muses/generally amazing and inspiring people, Fauna, Ess, Bri, and Snap! Y'all are the reason I'm still sane istg ;-; I LOVE YOU GUYS!!

And thank you all for reading! I hope you stay tuned for more tentacle adventures, and you're always welcome at the end of 5th avenue! MONSTERFUCKER POWER!!!!

Works inspired by this [The Dragonstail](#) by [confettiafterdark \(confettiwrites\)](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!